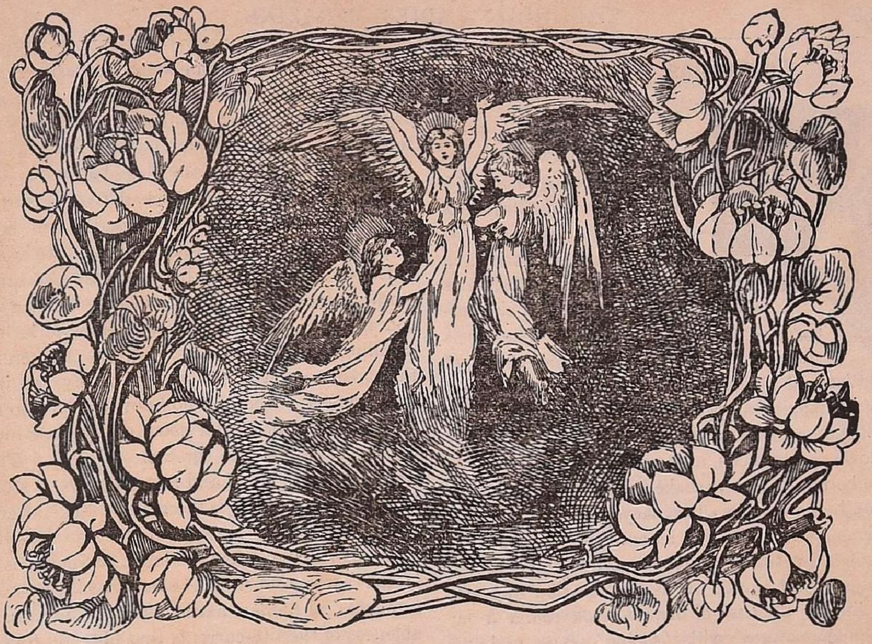

THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE.

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CHRISTMAS MORNING.

Peaceful was the night
Wherein the Prince of Light
His reign of Peace upon the earth began.
The winds, with wonder whist,
Smoothly the waters kissed,
Whispering new joys to the mild Ocean,
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmed wave.

And though the shady gloom
Had given day her room,
The Sun himself withheld his wonted speed,
And hid his head for shame,
As his inferior flame
The new-enlightened world no more should need:
He saw a greater Sun appear
Than his bright throne or burning axletree could bear.

Ring out ye crystal spheres!
Once bless our human ears,
If ye have power to touch our senses so;
And let your silver chime
Move in melodious time;
And let the bass of heaven's deep organ blow;
And with your ninefold harmony
Make up full consort to the angelic symphony.

"For if such holy song
Enwrap our fancy long,
Time will run back and fetch the age of gold;
And speckled vanity
Will sicken soon and die,
And leprous Sin will melt from earthly mould;
And Hell itself will pass away,
And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering day.

Yea, Truth and Justice then
Will down return to men
Orbed in a rainbow; and, like glories wearing,
Mercy will sit between,
Throned in celestial sheen,
With radiant feet the tissued clouds down steering;
And Heaven, as at some festival,
Will open wide the gates of her high palace-hall.

And then at last our bliss
Full and perfect is,
But now begins, for from this happy day
The old Dragon underground,
In straiter limits bound,
Not half so far casts his usurped sway,
And, wroth to see his kingdom fail,
Swings the scaly horror of his folded tail."

—From Milton's hymn "On the Morning of Christ's Nativity."

Christmas Thoughts.

ONCE again the cycle is complete, and once more the happy season of Christmas has come, bringing in its wake many memories and thoughts; the merry Christmas chimes are ringing out their messages of peace and good-will. The air is made vocal with hymns and songs of praise and gladness. The atmosphere breathes of a happiness, peculiarly characteristic of the Christmas season. It is a time when we lay down our burdens, as it were, and stand a while to be happy and to make happy. The common life here shows its supremacy over the individual life. "It reminds a man to set his own little watch by the great clock of humanity, which runs on sun-time." It is a time when we pause a little in the rush of life, and look round at our fellow-creatures with 'seeing' eyes, perhaps, feeling that they are as real as ourselves, with thoughts like ours and feelings like ours.

To many, Christmas is a source of joy. Happy meetings between families and friends and a happy outlook into the future increase the present content and pleasure. To some it is a season of sadness, bringing as it does fond memories of happy by-gone days, memories, which are fed now, perhaps on a few faded letters, a few sacred relics that are the silent expressions of thoughts, "that lie too deep for tears." To some the message of Christmas carries no meaning whatever. The heart is deadened with many cares. The hand is blunt with work more than can be borne; the conscience is hardened and crime follows easily. Neither fear nor pleasure, neither honour nor pity is felt. Perhaps, the cause is deadening poverty or, perhaps, it is the environment and the upbringing of sin and shame, but the result is the degradation of manhood and of womanhood, the leading of a life worse than death, a life which is piteous to see and which calls for deepest sympathy and help. Shall not some of us, who have heard and felt the Christmas message, who have some of the hope of the Christmas joy in our hearts, go down into this valley of darkness and bring light into some one heart at least? Again, to many others, the Christmas season is the same as any other, "Eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die." Such is their maxim, and hence, why should one day be more than another? 'We care not, we shall live our life; we shall enjoy our pleasures, for a day will come when such will be no more. Hence, we are indifferent.' Instead of a helping hand or a bright word or smile, which would have carried encouragement, is often offered a cold exterior and a galling indifference. Ay, it is this indifference that breaks hearts, that smites silently, but with deadly effect. People who know and yet do not act, who have power for good, and yet are indifferent, theirs is the greater iniquity. They were asked for bread and instead gave a stone. In such various ways is the glad message of good tidings received. It was so nineteen hundred years ago. Now, after the lapse of centuries it is the same, and we are struck with the broad sameness of human nature, and the unchangeableness of the life-currents that ebb and flow in the human heart, which pulsate to the same great needs, the same thoughts, and are influenced by the same love, and the same griefs.

One night long years ago when "half the world was wintry and forlorn, in Nature's utmost season of distress," the Prince of Peace was born into the world, carrying in His divine Hand, straight from the fountain-head of Eternal Love, that "love, which is the strongest thing in the world, stronger than hate, stronger than evil, and stronger even than death itself." And from then till now, the voice of that love and divine sympathy has been ringing down the ages, carrying comfort and solace to many a weary heart. It has become a power in the world, guiding and influencing the thoughts and actions of various peoples. And the sweet simple custom of keeping the anniversary of that blessed day has been kept up by many thousands through the centuries. One does not recognize the importance of keeping Christmas in India as one does in England, which is entirely a Christian country. The various elements in this land do not give that air of unity, which is seen and felt in England. There, every man, woman, and child, from the richest to the poorest, strive to keep Christmas each in his own way. Even the land wears

the Christmas aspect. There is a peculiar happiness in the air. The men and women have left their work behind them and are taking holiday. Every home, if possible, is decorated with a bit of evergreen. The bare trees and houses are covered over with snow giving the land a pure and virginal aspect. And on Christmas morn, as the Christmas waits go from house to house waking up the inmates with the old, old, sweet carols, and as the bells send their pealing chimes throughout the length and breadth of the land, and as hymns of praise ring from the churches, it seems as if the land has got up with one accord and is giving thanks to its Maker for His goodness and His love. And then there is many a happy family-gathering and much merry-making; "in the outer circles, cheerful greetings, courtesy, consideration; in the inner circles, sympathetic interest, hearty congratulations, honest encouragement; in the inmost circle, comradeship, helpfulness, and tenderness."

Christmas comes but once a year and how soon the day is spent and gone. We live in anticipation for days previous, specially children, to whom Christmas is a great event. In the making, choosing, and sending of gifts and greetings, much time, thought, and care are spent. The most precious Christmas gift is not one which costs the most money, but which carries the most love. In our gifts we must give ourselves of the best that is in us. Every gift being the token of a friendly thought, of a personal interest, or of an unselfish feeling for the happiness of others, the thought, interest, and feeling will remain long after the gift is made. In the same way the keeping of Christmas should not be limited to that day alone.

But what does the keeping of Christmas mean? It means a greater generosity of thought and feeling for others, a wider and more discerning sympathy and a deeper kindliness. It means that we are to forget our own interests, to set aside our own selfish concerns and to work for others, to look into the faces and eyes of our fellow-men with sympathy and love, not noting the defects, but the goodness of heart and soul. It means the closing of our "own book of complaints" and the searching out of opportunities to give of our life to others, to sow seeds of happiness in those lives that are "hungry for joy." It means tender consideration for little ones and the aged, and gentle helpfulness to friends and relatives. It means to be "willing to stop asking how much your friends love you, and ask yourself whether you love them enough; to bear in mind the things that other people have to bear in their hearts; to try to understand what those who live in the same house with you really want, without waiting for them to tell you; to trim your lamp so that it will give more light and less smoke, and to carry it in front, so that your shadow will fall behind you; to make a grave for your ugly thoughts, and a garden for your kindly feelings, with the gate open." This is the keeping of Christmas, and, if we keep it for a day, why not always. But, remember that we can never keep it by ourselves.

And this is not all. In the garden of humanity, at the gate, One stands waiting, the same whom Magdalene found, Whom she supposed to be the gardener. He is ever waiting ready to take our hand and to lead us unto His vineyard, to see if the "vine is flourishing and the pomegranate is budding," and if the fruits of the valley are ready to be gathered in for harvest. He has sown the seed with lavish hand, but is waiting for the labourers to enter in and nourish it. May the Prince Whose message speaks of hope and light, Whose blessing is peace, and Whose rule is love, carry the glad tidings to many a heart, so that in this joyous season, we may with looks and smiles of gladness sincerely greet each other with "A Happy Christmas."

By an Indian Lady.

Family Life as a Training for Society.

SOCIETY is an aggregation of families, and social life all but identical with family life. What wonder then, if family life be the best training for society? All the social virtues spring from, and are first practised in, isolated families. Let us cast a hasty glance at the education of the man from his cradle, where he lay snugly in

his swaddling clothes, to the time when assuming the *toga virilis* he enters upon society fully able to shift for himself, and in want of no helping hand. The infant, scarce able to talk as yet, first learns to recognize its mother by her *smile* and to smile itself in childlike sympathy. The first words it learns to articulate are words of love and reverence, and ere long it knows that certain of its words and certain of its acts are greeted with a smile of approval, while other words and other acts call down frowning looks and angry words. Thus an associative growth begins in the child's mind between a right course of conduct in itself and the outward manifestations of approving sentiments in others. To cut a long story short, the child learns with astonishing rapidity that it cannot please itself, that it cannot enjoy the gratification of its little desires, unless to a small extent at least it is prepared to please others. But this germ, once implanted, requires time and care to develop itself, and assume the proportions that it has in mature life ; and it can only grow and " bring forth fruit a hundredfold " under the fostering influence of family life. Consideration for others, for their feelings, for their ways of thinking, their pleasures and pains, is the great end of law and of social life. Always surrounded by its parents, its brothers and its sisters, the child soon comes to realize that it cannot have its own ways in all things, that it may not violate the sacred injunctions of its parents with impunity, that it may not rudely interfere with the enjoyments of its brothers and sisters lest it should bring about an unpleasant quarrel. It soon acquires a certain degree of adaptability. It learns to conduct itself in a certain way towards its parents, in another way towards its brothers, in a different way towards its sisters, and in yet another way towards the servants of the house. Nay, it goes further. It observes among its small circle considerable variations of temper and taste, and it not only learns naturally and unconsciously to have a due regard for them, but is specially taught to do so.

The legislative and executive power is represented in the persons of its parents, while the fact of such an association lends a sacred character to all authority in the abstract. Inasmuch as the Family Law is imposed by the parents and breaches of it punished by the same, it is hallowed by the love of both and tempered by the mercy more especially of one. Thus, does the child learn naturally and habitually to recognize the fact of a superior authority and the necessity of a passive and loving obedience to it. And it is this early and congenial education that best prepares the youthful mind to realize unconsciously and unavoidably the fact of social law and the sanctions which society itself has thought fit to attach to any violations of its law,—a result which is happily not due to the selfish workings of a base fear, but to a vague and habitual sense of what is conducive to the general welfare, and in well ordered families at least to a rational recognition of the same.

The nature of man and the character of his environments declare in a clear and unmistakable manner that man is a "social animal," and that such was the original intention of his Maker. The facts of dependence and responsibility have become parts of the defining attributes of man. At all events they are the most natural and logical deduction from human nature and human circumstances. The most opposed and divergent schools of philosophy have concurred in maintaining the close connection, the identity one might say between the general interests of humanity and the happiness of every individual man. Man has certain duties and responsibilities, duties to self, duties to fellowmen, and it is absolutely necessary here as elsewhere that practice should precede theory, that a practical realization of the same should precede an intellectual recognition of it. Hence, the overwhelming importance of the preliminary training in a family, a training pregnant with great events for the tree is but the germ developed, and family life is at once the cradle and the nurse of the social virtues or vices. The following extract from a manual of common school education may well repay perusal.

" *Duty of the family in education.*—The family circle and the school share between them the responsibility for the education of childhood, but not equally ; for the family is responsible, primarily and essentially, the school secondarily and by delegation. The obligation resting on the family to educate the child extends thus far : by precept and example, and sympathy, it should bring him up in good sentiments and habits ; by constant familiar conversation it should develop his latent capacity of language, and exercise his intelligence on the things around him. For the rest to whatever extent it cannot carry on the work itself and it cannot be expected to advance the child in the technical branches of study—it should lend its friendly aid and encouragement to the school on which it relies to supplement its own efforts. The advantages which the family has for discharging its responsibility are chiefly these two : indefinite strength of affection between parent and child, whereby the one is compelled to seek the true welfare of the other ; and indefinite contact in the daily engagements of life, whereby the parent has the child's action under his constant inspection with a view to the formation of habits, and has adequate opportunities of intercourse to quicken into life the seeds of intelligence. This conjoint responsibility de-

serves the more emphatically to be insisted on, at a time when the element of family responsibility in the child's education has come to be almost lost sight of. The duty of the family in this matter is neither optional nor transferable; no plea can be sustained for neglect. It is as necessary to educate the child as it is to provide for his bodily sustenance. If in any state of society this discharge of duty by the family is found to any extent impracticable, then the blame is so far removed from the family in particular to society itself at large, but the blame rests somewhere. This plea is in general however unreasonably urged; keeping in view what has been stated as to the measure of the family obligation, there cannot be many families where the opportunity or the ability is entirely wanting to discharge it."

The great end of all laws, written or unwritten, is the general welfare, and children should be instructed as early as possible in the noble "art of pleasing." Parents are only too apt to forget that "the child is father to the man" and to neglect the moral and social training of their little ones. The diffusion of a healthy moral tone during youth, and at a time when the mind is the most plastic and open to impressions from without, is a *conditio sine qua non*; but the neglect of the rules and ceremonies of genteel life often bears along with it a train of evils the most grave and disastrous.

The breach of an unwritten law as Socrates has said carries along with it its own punishment, and the offender is visited with the neglect of society and is prevented from breathing the refined though artificial atmosphere of high life. A sentence of ostracism is silently passed against him and as silently put into execution. Inexorable etiquette is imperative in its demands and will be satisfied with no less than full and absolute obedience to the letter of its laws.

The individual, who has been early removed from the argus-watch of a loving mother, deprived of the genial and determining force of family influences in general, and of all opportunities of and facilities for social intercourse, grows up ignorant of the conventional rules and forms of fashionable life, which he necessarily violates to the confusion of others and to his own infinite distress. When, for the first time, he finds himself in company with more fortunate individuals of either sex, he feels as if he were anywhere but in the right place; he is deprived of all power, whether of speech or action and is literally paralized. He sits disconsolate in a corner, afraid to speak or move, as if "wisdom gets its gems by gaping." The whole thing often takes the form of a tragi-comedy, where the hero is truly a tragic picture. His perplexed air, rustic manners, and embarrassed gait, when joined with more serious violations of etiquette succeed only too well in raising a laugh and in making him an object of public pity and contempt, while his more stirling qualities of mind and soul pass unnoticed. The gold is often lost sight of in the dust which envelopes it, and public attention being fixed on his little blemishes, he is often the subject of serious misconstruction. A "little leaven leaveneth the whole lump," and in the inimitable language of "our king"—Shakespeare, whom Carlyle would not give up for all the Indian Empires in the world,—

"Oft it chances in particular men
That for some vicious mole of nature in them,
* * * * * * these men
Carrying, I say, the stamp of one defect,
Being nature's livery, or fortune's star,
Their virtues else be they, as pure as grace,
As infinite as man may undergo
Shall in the general censure take corruption
From that particular fault."

The workings of social neglect and contempt on a mind which happens by nature to be highly sensitive often engenders a feeling of bitter cynicism, of dislike for fellowmen, and for the enjoyments of life, a feeling which serves but to blind and pervert the reason. A trifling incident has often embittered one's whole existence and disposed one to a feeling of continual war with society, which unhappily is not always alive to its true interests. An attempt has been made to systematize and explain the recognized rules and forms of etiquette, and the result has been the publication of various manuals of etiquette; but the true book of etiquette is Family Life. It is all very well to say "do this and abstain from doing that," but, when it comes to the real question of acting, the individual, who has not been regularly brought up from early infancy to act in conformity with the requirements of the circle in which he is to move, finds it a difficult and almost impossible operation all at once to apply his theoretical knowledge to actual practice. It is therefore the duty of parents, while mindful in the first instance of the moral and intellectual culture of their children, to pay some attention also to their social training, as it has been called, so as to fit them to occupy with honour the station in life which their birth entitles them to. It should be ever our desire to please in great things as in little.

St. Cecilia.

THE name of St. Cecilia falls with sweet cadence on the ear. It is a name sacred to music. In her honour many odes have been sung, and to her many melodies have been dedicated. The legend goes on to say that

she was a Roman lady who suffered martyrdom in the third century. She is known as the patroness of musicians, because she was a great musician herself and by the power of her music she drew angels down from heaven, who nightly brought her roses from Paradise. In our Art Supplement is a picture of St. Cecilia seated at the organ, drawing deep chords of sweet music from it,—the outward garb as it were for the music of her thought; and, in a flood of light above her, the angels are showering roses into her hand. The expression on her face is beautiful. There is an exalted look in her eyes, as if she had just woke up from exquisite dreams of paradise; and she does not show much surprise at her angel visitants,—rather she seems as if she were expecting them. The gentle, intellectual brow about which the hair lies in natural waves, the sweet mouth, the deep lustrous eyes and the full rounded cheek, each has a special speaking charm of its own; and to add to the beauty of the picture the roses seem to have the bloom of Paradise still fresh on them, so sweet and pure they look! What sweet significance is breathed into the picture? For music so grand and heavenly, the reward is Roses from Paradise! Can there be a greater?

As I have said before, poets have sung odes in praise of St. Cecilia. Dryden's Alexander's Feast, or Ode on St. Cecilia's day, sets forth the influence of music on the mind of man. Timotheus, the musician, discourses such powerful music on his lyre, that the court and the king are moved by various passions and emotions. But greater even than Timotheus is " the divine Cecilia," for

" He raised a mortal to the skies
She drew an angel down."

Pope, in an ode dedicated to her anniversary day, makes her a greater even than Orpheus, the prince of musicians according to classical history, —Orpheus, who moved savage animals and even rooted trees, who from the shades of Hell won back his beloved Eurydice by the charm of his music;

" Of Orpheus now no more let poets tell
To bright Cecilia greater power is given;
His numbers raised a shade from hell,
Hers lift the soul to heaven."

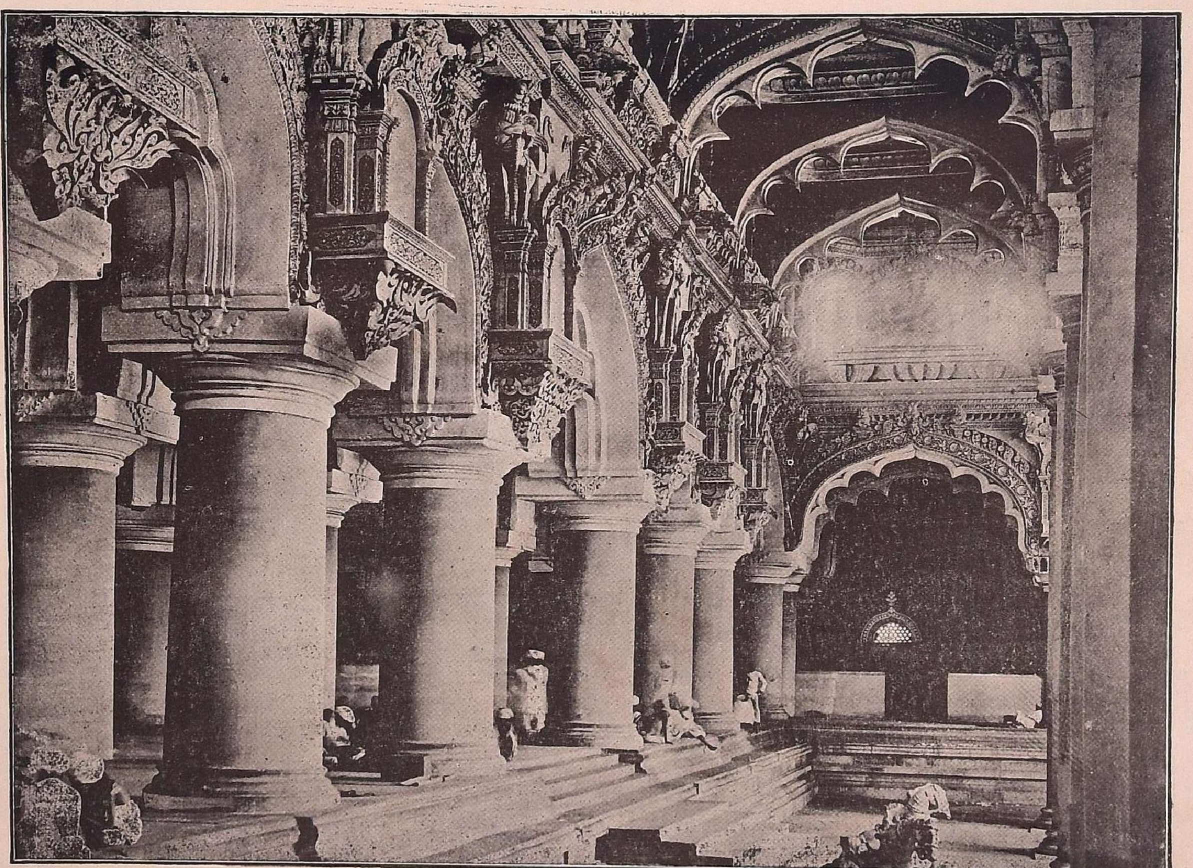
Thus Cecilia is given the palm of victory. Hers is the music that exalts and purifies and raises the soul to its familiar haunts of holiness. Ruskin speaking of St. Cecilia says, " The ruling conception of her is deepened gradually by the enlarged study of religious music; and is at its best and highest in the thirteenth century, when she rather resists than complies with the already tempting and distracting powers of sound; and we are told that 'while the instruments played, Cecilia the virgin sang in her heart only to the Lord, saying, 'O Lord, be my heart and body made stainless, that I be not confounded.' This sentence occurs in my great service-book of the convent of Beau-pre, written in 1290, and it is illustrated with a miniature of Cecilia sitting silent at a banquet where all manner of musicians are playing. This history shows that all music under St. Cecilia's ordinance must exalt and purify the soul."

St. Cecilia is said to be the inventor of the organ, the grandest of musical instruments. In the dimly lighted church, as one hears the pealing sounds of the organ, now rising higher and higher, now filling the edifice with glorious sound, wave on wave, billow on billow, till each single brick seems to tingle to its fibre, and again stealing softly in lingering cadences, and anon in wailing undertones, once more the broken air floats trembling by in wild music, till it melts away by degrees into a " dying, dying fall," it makes us feel as if we were in heavenly places listening to the golden-robed angel choir. Dryden speaks of the organ:

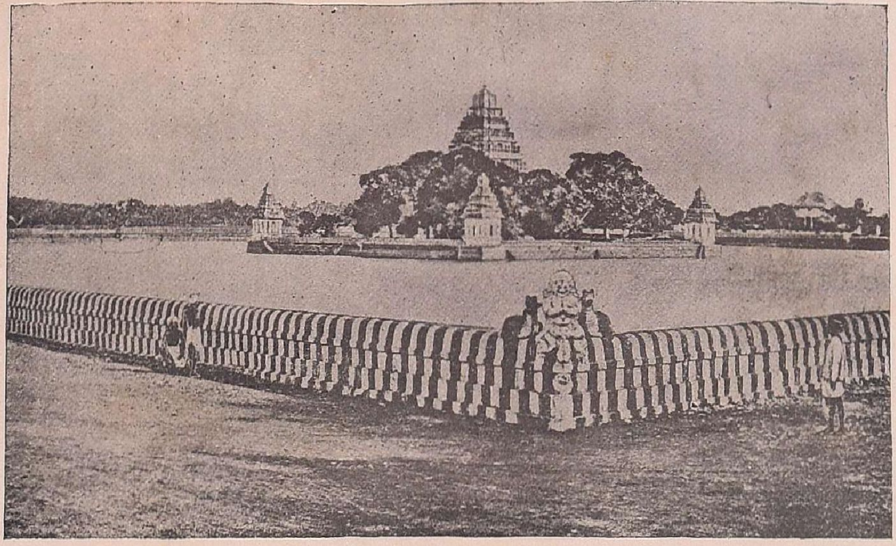
" But oh! what art can teach,
What human voice can reach,
The sacred organ's praise?
Notes inspiring holy love,
Notes that wing their heavenly ways
To mend the choirs above."

Such is the organ, and the " inventress of this vocal frame" is the divine Cecilia. Is it small wonder then that her name has been venerated through the ages; " the child in its nurse's arms, and every tender and gentle spirit which resolves to purify in itself,—as the eye for seeing, so the ear for hearing,—may still, whether behind the Temple veil or at the fireside, and by the wayside, hear Cecilia sing."

Wondrous is the power of music. It can charm the fiercest rage and it can soothe the most poignant griefs; it moves to strong emotion, it lulls to gentle rest. It can raise a man from the meanest surroundings to join the angel choirs above. It reaches the innermost fibres of the human heart-fibres, lost or forgotten or hidden away under the stress of environment, and it can wake them up to new life. It makes us forget the sights around us, and opens to the vision " vistas full of transcendental beauty." It can intoxicate the soul with springs of pure delight and make us feel that exquisite pain, which is the result of keen longing after the ideal. If we could only be made to feel often the beauty of real music! It is an education in itself. It is a factor which is wanting in the life of many a Hindu child. Surround the children with beauty, beautiful pictures, beautiful surrounding, harmonious to the eye, accustom the ear to sweet and good music, and this will tend to the harmonious development of nature, which no amount o cramming can effect. There is music



TIRUNAL NAICK'S PALACE, MADURA.



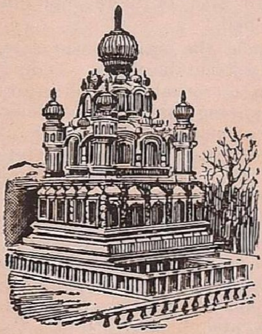
THE TEPPA TANK, MADURA.

everywhere, music in nature, music in the city. Listen alone beside the surging sea to the music of the waves as they break on the shingle, listen alone among the woods to the rustling branches, to the twittering birds, to the sighing wind, and to the rippling streams, listen to the murmurs of thronged men, to the music of human speech, listen, and learn and live, and soon for us the music around will become "the music of eternal love, into whose vast harmonies all our discords shall be drawn at last."

S.

My Impressions of Madura and Ramesvaram.

(By a Visitor.)



Replying the other day to the addresses of welcome, presented by the citizens of the historic town of Madura, His Excellency Sir Arthur Lawley said: "Standing, as I do, here in this ancient palace and conjuring up the vision of the glories and splendours of the Pandyan kingdom, which we can look upon through the dim vista of many ages, one seems almost to hear the echoes of the heart of that kingdom's greatness, the mighty genius of its people. They seem to come to us down the dim corridors of time and one cannot help being thrilled at such a moment; one cannot help feeling a great sense of satisfaction in being allowed to see the splendid relics of a glorious past which is your pride, and just pride, to preserve not only for the generation but for many and many generations to come." Setting foot for the first time on the historic and even sacred soil of Madura, His Excellency had good reason to pay the tribute to the capital of the Pandyan Raj, for, whatever glories the future may hold for the town, it is inconceivable that they should approach the brilliant record of the past. Madura to-day is the second greatest town in the Presidency and quite the most beautiful; but it is neither this fact nor its historic past which gives it importance in the eyes of the Hindu. To a large number of people in India, Madura has been, and will always continue to be, the premier town in this Presidency, because it is rich in the possession of the most famous temple in Southern India. Any description of Madura which is not merely historical must be full of the wonders of this temple, certainly among the noblest specimens of the sculptor's art even in this land of temples. One cannot resist the temptation of indulging in more than a passing reference to the local legend about the deities worshipped in the temple, the large number of festivals current therein, the elaborate ritual that is observed in the daily worship, its rich revenues, and the remarkable degree of faith which every Hindu has in the potency of Minakshi.

The infant Minakshi was found floating one morning, centuries ago, in the tank that is within the temple precincts and she was adopted by the then ruling member of the Pandyan house. She was born with a peculiar physical malformation and a seer prophesied, that she would wed the person at whose sight the deformity would disappear of itself. The Princess early developed martial tendencies and, while still in her teens, started on an expedition in the course of which she conquered almost all the crowned heads in the three worlds. She came to Kailasa, the residence of Siva and in the twinkling of an eye vanquished his sons; one of them, Subrahmanya, being the Commander-in-Chief of the divine hosts. Informed of the havoc she was causing, Paramesvara sallied forth to meet her in battle-array; but, at his mere presence, Minakshi's deformity vanished and she knew she had found her life's companion. She threw down her weapons and acknowledged by her bashful silence that she, who had come on a mission of conquest, had been vanquished herself. Siva, known in this particular episode as Sundaresa, developed an instantaneous affection for the fair warrior, learnt her parentage, and the details of her life, and made overtures to her Royal father to wed her. Needless to say, the offer was warmly welcomed, and Sundaresa and his beloved came down to the world. The marriage was celebrated in the hall of the Pandyan king, where now stands the beautiful *mantap* called the *Tirukkalyanamantap*. The small temple on the other side of the river Vaigai, where the divine bridegroom halted for some days and the streets which he passed through are still looked upon with respect by the townsmen.

The Madura temple has an unending series of festivals connected with it. The principal of them is *Chaitrotsavam*, when the marriage of the goddess and the god is celebrated with remarkable pomp and circumstance. In Vykhasi (May-June), there is the *Vasantotsavam* which lasts for ten days and represents the honeymoon of the exalted couple. In Ani, there is the *Tirumanjanam* when Menakshi worships her lord. In Audi and Avani, there are the *Pooram* and *Moolam*

festivals, the latter being only second in importance to the *Chaitra* festival. The *Navaratri* takes up nine days of the Tamil month of Purattasi. For the first four days of this period, the goddess is supposed to be doing penance and during the last five she holds a grand Durbar. Barren women and persons possessed with evil spirits find an unfailing remedy for their maladies, in being continually in the presence of the goddess during these five days. In Arpisi, the goddess anoints her spouse with oil and the chief interest of this ten days' festival consists in the *kolattums* and nautches that take place in the new Mantap. In Margali and Tai, the *Tiruvadira* and *Poosam* festivals are celebrated, and in Masi, there is the *Makhotsavam*. Of course, to carry through any one of these festivals, a considerable sum of money is required and the finances of the temple are in a condition to permit lavish expenditure on these and other items. It is doubtless the richest endowed of the shrines in South India, as the well-to-do Hindu is never tired of sacrificing a portion of his worldly possessions in the service of Minakshi. Some of the endowments are centuries old, Rajahs, Zamindars, and Sowcars in all parts of India and at all times vying with each other in keeping the Madura temple in funds. In the treasure-chests in the strong rooms, there are jewels whose price would be sufficient to ransom a king.

The idols in the temple are worshipped six times a day, the *archakas* doing duty by turns. There are no less than two hundred *archaka* families, each family having a definite share in the income of particular festivals. In the Madura temple alone, the chivalrous maxim *Place aux dames* is fully recognised, the goddess being accorded precedence over her consort in the order of worship. No wonder that the Maduresе should lay claim to the possession of a high degree of civilisation! The number of idols may be counted by the gross and their daily worship entails a by no means light task on the staff of *archakas*, numerous as they are. The *utsava vigrahas*, or images carried in procession, are exceedingly favourable specimens of the art of the Indian idol-maker.

From dawn to midnight, there is a large concourse of people thronging the temple. At no single moment during the twenty-four hours can it be said that it is absolutely empty of worshippers. On Fridays especially, the crush is inconceivable. Once you are inside the ample portals, you feel, however unbelieving you may normally be, a sense of awe to which you willingly yield yourself. As you breathe the atmosphere heavily laden with camphor-smoke and other incense, and as you watch the simple piety of others, you feel lifted from your usual world. You recognize everywhere about you the all-pervading presence of religious fervour, that feature which has characterised the Hindus ever since they were called into being and which will abide with them through the ages to come, whatever vicissitudes they may pass through, politically or otherwise. Dusk approaching, you see scores of Brahmins, washing their feet and faces in the tank situated inside the temple, which is believed to be connected with the Ganges by an underground channel, and uttering their evening prayers, with their upper cloths tied round their waist and all the available space on their bodies marked with triple lines of white ashes. There is no woman inside the temple but mutters some chant or other in praise of Siva and his consort. We need not altogether discredit the stories that are told of European civilians posted in the District believing in the potency of Sri Minakshi.

The *pucka* temple buildings, enclosed within thick walls, occupy an area of more than one square furlong and a half.

This does not include the space covered by the *mantaps* situated outside the walls. Temple and mantap are each a veritable architectural wonder land. The cunning hand of the Indian sculptor has been very busy with them. Beautifully frescoed walls, delicate traceries depicting entire stories from the Puranas, monolithic images hewn in admirable proportions, lordly towers that raise their proud heads high into the heavens—one or other of these meet the spectator's eyes, wherever he may turn them. Among the *mantaps*, I need mention only the *Kalyana-mantap*, the sixteen-pillared *mantap*, the thousand-pillared *mantap*, and the new *mantap*, the last of which contains a beautiful granite platform. This list does not exhaust the number of the architectural treasures of Madura, for I have not yet mentioned Tirumalnaik's palace, which has been justly called the most perfect specimen of secular architectural art in Southern India. In spite of its age, it has continued to preserve its youthful appearance and may not be inaptly said to resemble the Taj Mahal in this respect. Its chief pride consists in the stately pillars supporting the noble arches and the broad terraces that cover it. Besides all these, the visitor must not fail to take in the beautiful prospect near the *Teppakulam*, a large tank with a central *mantap*, situated at a distance of nearly three miles from the town.

A hundred miles to the south-east of Madura lies the island of Ramesvaram, the *ultima Ahule* of Epic India. A branch of the South Indian Railway takes the visitor to Mantapam on the mainland in five hours, the crossing takes him an hour more and he is at Paumban on the island. There is a prospect of the island and the mainland being connected by a bridge, but

at present the narrow Strait is crossed in a steam-ferry. From Paumban to the small town of Ramesvaram is a distance of eight miles, the two places being connected by a line of railway that was opened last August. Ramesvaram, despite its sacred repute, appears to be among the most God-forsaken places on earth. The heat makes it quite uninviting. Vegetables and other provisions have all to be procured from the mainland and are proportionately dear, not a green blade being anywhere in sight on the island. You cannot walk a few feet in the street without leaving a trailing cloud of dust behind you. At Ramesvaram there are three tanks, in which Rama, Lakshmana and Sita are said to have bathed and which are named after them. The temple of Ramanatha is a very rich one and is next only to the Minakshi temple in extent and beauty of architectural design. The four inner *prakaras* or corridors are superb works of art and are unsurpassed in any other temple. These are lighted by nearly a dozen Washington lights, an example which other temples may follow with advantage. Within the temple, there are images of Visvanatha and Visalakshi, which are believed to have been brought over from Benares. From Ramesvaram to Dhanushkoti, the point wherefrom Rama crossed over to Ceylon with his monkey-hosts, is a distance of fifteen miles, a journey which is done by boat or country-cart, the former being much the pleasanter, though seemingly unsafe. The pilgrimage to Dhanushkoti is recommended particularly to childless couples, who are required to take a specified number of dips and give suitable fees to Brahmins at every one of them. On the *Amavasya* or New Moon day in the month of Tai (January-February), the triangular wedge of land at the meeting of the two seas is covered with a surging mass of people, engaged in the performance of *sankalpas* and other ceremonies prior to the longed-for plunge. A large choultry, three miles from Dhanushkoti, with accommodation for a hundred families, bears ample testimony to the proverbial charity of the Hindu. It is maintained entirely by Nattukkottai Chetties. The comforts of the visitor are looked after with such eager solicitude and his slightest want so heartily supplied, that he is not likely to be reminded during his stay that he is miles away from home.

A SONG OF WORK.

Work, sisters, work!
The morning sun shines bright,
And youth and strength are ours to-day,
And work is honour, so I say
Work, sisters, work!

Work, sisters, work!
The midday sun is high,
And labour calls aloud and cries,
"Oh, work with brain and hands and eyes,"
Work, sisters, work!

Work, sisters, work!
The evening sunset fair
Gilds the long day that's nearly done,
Sweetens the rest that's dearly won,
Work, sisters, work!

An estimate of Shakespeare's Desdemona.

I. By an Indian Lady.

In my hours of reflection, my fancy revels in confounding my personal friends with those I have among Shakespeare's characters. I take a unique delight in calling up the experiences of the women of my acquaintance, and in striking a comparison between those that are made to tread the boards by Shakespeare, and those that are destined to appear in the theatre of India in the grand play of the "Sorrows of Hindu women of the present time."

A glimpse into the world of private life will show us that similar cases of a man allowing a false friend 'to taint his nobler heart and brain with needless jealousy, and to become the jerk and scorn of the other's villainy' still occur among us. For the human heart yearns for love, and

> "Where Love reigns, disturbing Jealousy doth call himself Affection's sentinel;
> Gives false alarms, suggesteth mutiny, and in a peaceful hour doth cry, "kill," "kill,"
> Distempering gentle Love in his desire, as air and water do abate the fire."

Desdemona is the only daughter of the rich senator of Venice, Brabantio. She grows up into lovely youth, and her beauty combined with her good qualities and wealthy connections, attract many suitors to her father's house. But she does not care for the other suitors, and is privately married to the Moor. How does it come to pass that she sets so high a value on Othello, with all his dark complexion and meagre fortune?

Othello is a brave soldier and has won a General's honour from the state of Venice. As Desdemona is happy to have been born in a house, where there is no Purdah to keep her from the light, where the notions prejudicial to the putting off of girls' marriages till they are intellectually, physically and morally equal to the task of carrying themselves through the various worries, anxieties, and responsibilities of conjugal life, are not prevalent, and where

an only daughter is the comfort of the old father's home and heart, Othello is given free access to her. And, delivering an account of his adventurous life in grand and voluble words, Othello evokes her sincere sympathy and subsequently love for himself. And, as similarity of mind and virtuous aims has a magical power to bring the possessors to *say* with Shelley, 'We shall be one spirit within two frames; one passion in twin-hearts which touch, mingle, are transfigured: one hope within two wills; one will beneath two overshadowing minds; one life; one death,' Desdemona loses sight of the Moor in the valiant, hardy, eloquent, and good-natured Othello.

Yet Desdemona has to marry Othello in private. She knows her father will not approve of her marriage with the Moor. Brabantio is indeed aware of Othello's soldier merits. But he is worldly enough to make gold, 'the visible god that solders close impossibilities,' and personal beauty, which attracts the fancy and fixes the fidelity, the chief requisites in his son-in-law. And hence proceeds the necessity of Desdemona's marrying Othello in secret.

But this does not remain long a secret. It reaches her father's ears. Brabantio takes his daughter's slight of his authority to heart. Desdemona and Othello are summoned to the Court. They speak the plain truth there. And Brabantio consents to their marriage out of sheer necessity, as the State stands in bad need of Othello's services.

But to the old father it is a heavy blow. To speak from Brabantio's heart, Desdemona is ungrateful and thoughtless. But youth is allied to these weaknesses. And Desdemona's weaknesses are the weaknesses of a gentle, generous, and youthful heart. We see that Imogen, Juliet, Jessica, and Silvia have also acted against their parents' wishes. And what have the results been? Apart from the afflictions entailed on themselves for their dissent from their parents' proposals, the tables are turned on those that are near and dear to them. It is really very difficult to account for the serious results that seem to flow from natural frailties. The great war between the young and the old often rages high when children arrive at the age at which a desire for independent pleasures glows in their hearts. Children wish to have their own way of thinking and doing. And fathers insist on their children's submission to their wills. They say, 'Children are disobedient, and they sting their fathers' hearts to madness and despair, requiting years of care with contumely.' And children say that fathers are selfish and supercilious; and they begin to find 'an idle and fond bondage in the oppression of aged tyranny which sways not as it hath power, but as it is suffered.'

Having tided over the difficulty, Othello sets off for Cyprus, accompanied by Desdemona and Cassio. Who is Cassio? He is the confidential friend of Othello. And he is loved and esteemed by Desdemona next to her husband. Othello had not been confident enough in his own powers of conversation to win the ear and heart of a lady so beautiful as Desdemona. This diffidence had caused him to employ Cassio in his love affair with Desdemona. And Cassio had fulfilled the task imposed on him, proving himself exceptional to the fact that 'Friendship is constant in all other things, save in the office and affairs of love; for beauty is a witch, against whose charms faith melteth into blood.' Cassio has still the pleasure of talking and laughing with Desdemona as heartily and innocently as before. And Desdemona loves and trusts Cassio as it becomes a virtuous and grateful woman to love a friend. Nor does Othello change in his intercourse with Cassio. He confers a place of trust on Cassio under his immediate command, and is friendly with him at home. Arrived at Cyprus, Othello is overjoyed to find the fleet of the enemies dispersed by a sweeping tempest. But this joy is the herald of a calamity that falls on Othello later on.

Iago, an old officer, bears no good will to either Cassio or Othello. He takes it ill that Othello should promote Cassio to the place, which Iago claims for himself as due to seniority. And a groundless suspicion that Othello has cast an evil eye on his own wife Emilia, enters Iago's head and leads him to try to wreck Othello's happiness.

Pliant, with a girlish ear for fun and for pleasant stories, generous, and so educated as to appreciate goodness of mind and heart, Desdemona is really a good girl. She is now no more a maid under her father's roof. She is happy to find in Othello a fond and considerate husband. The match is of mutual love. Yes, it is love that 'looks not with the eyes, but with the mind. And, therefore, is winged Cupid painted blind: Nor hath Love's mind any of judgment's taste: wings and no eyes, figure, wheedy haste: and therefore is Love said to be a child, because in choice he is so oft beguiled.' We have seen that Love is a blind boy. But we shall see that he is not so always. 'He is a child of wayward mind and blind to perils. But when a doubt, a jealous fear inspires him once — the task is over; his mind is keen; his sight is clear; no more an infant, blind no more.'

Putting on a guise of honesty and friendliness towards Othello and Cassio, Iago successfully contrives to displace Cassio from his rank and from Othello's favour. And he also does all he can to put jealousy into Othello.

Desdemona loves her husband heart and soul. She is by him when he is come to war in Cyprus. She is unhappy at his temporary absence. Neither the witty discourse of Iago, nor the familiar jocundity of Cassio appeals to her when Othello is not with her. But her joy is unalloyed when Othello returns to the camp. He greets her with, "O my soul's joy! if it were now to die, 'twere now to be most happy; for, I fear, my soul hath her content so absolute, that not another comfort like this succeeds in unknown fate."

But estranged Cassio now comes to Desdemona and craves her intercession. She consents. She is frank and obliging. She says "You love my lord, and know him long; and be you well assured, he shall in strangeness stand no further off than in a politic distance." But Cassio speaks in a despondent tone. She cheers him up with assurance. But she, if I am not mistaken, goes too far in saying, "My lord shall never rest; I'll watch him and talk him out of patience; I'll intermingle everything he does with Cassio's suit." And what is there that her interest for Cassio goes so far as to make her say, "Thy solicitor shall rather die, than give thy cause away."? This certainly argues no more than want of worldly craft, and a sensitive feeling for others. She is simple-hearted. Her very words, which she speaks without the least shrinking or stammering, on the entrance of her husband in the midst of their conversation, give a sufficient proof as to her guiltless heart. She does not change color. She is eager for the friend's reconciliation. She has the boldness of innocence. She is earnest in her appeal to Othello; and she reckons upon success in bringing Othello to make up with Cassio. But here comes one, who tells us himself that he is a 'knave'; and 'knavery's plain face is never seen till used.' We mean Iago. He stirs Othello's mind against Desdemona.

Now we see how a wife is led unconsciously to be an accomplice in vice with her husband. The persistent entreaties of Iago prevail upon Emilia to impose on herself. Emilia lights upon the handkerchief that is Othello's gift to Desdemona. That napkin is to be made an instrument to nip the lovers' happiness in the bud. Emilia says to herself, "My wayward husband hath a hundred times wooed me to steal it; but she so loves the token,—for he conjured her she should ever keep it,—that she reserves it ever more about her, to kiss and talk to. I'll have the work taken out, and give it Iago: what he will do with it, Heaven knows, not I; I nothing, but to please his fantasy." But Emilia is good-natured. She does not mean to do harm to Desdemona. Only to satisfy her husband's whim, she takes the napkin away. She asks Iago, "What will you do with it, that you have been so earnest to have me filch it?" And see how unkind and supercilious is her husband; he snatches the napkin away with, "why, what's that to you?" Again her sweet and womanly nature prompts Emilia to beg her husband to give the napkin back to her, that she might not be the cause of Desdemona's uneasiness. But Iago is too malicious to care for Desdemona's rest or unrest. And he sends Emilia away with "I have use for it. Go, leave me."

And what does Emilia reply to Desdemona's question touching the lost napkin? Emilia gives in to a fib. She denies the knowledge of it. This partly tells against our good opinion of her. But, had she known the serious consequences that are to flow from Iago's coming by the napkin, we may be sure, Emilia would have made a clean breast of the whole affair. Evidently, it is not a deliberate lie.

But Desdemona is put in a dilemma. She fears that this may lead to Othello's thinking ill of her. At this critical juncture, Othello steps in. He asks for the handkerchief. She says she has it not about her. She is at a loss how to convince him of her total ignorance about the napkin. But the more vehement the Moor becomes in his demand for it, the more her fears unsettle her mind. She falters. She tries to draw Othello's attention to Cassio's case. But he persists in his inquiry after the napkin. He is deaf to what she says about Cassio. This feeds the fire of jealousy infused into his heart by Iago. And he abruptly leaves her with, "In sooth, you are to blame." Is not this the very Othello who said, "'Tis not to make me jealous, to say my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company, is free of speech, sings, plays, and dances well: where virtue is, these are more virtuous. Nor from mine own weak merits will I draw the smallest fear, or doubt of her revolt; for she had eyes and chose me"? Yes, he is the same man; but far gone in jealousy.

Look at the liberal heart of Desdemona. Her husband's strange looks and words have made her wretched. She tells Cassio that 'her advocacy is not now in time.' Her happiness is marred by a fearful prospect. She is confused. Yet, amidst these many painful reflections, she is concerned for the well-being of Cassio. She says, "If I do find him fit, I'll move your suit, and seek to effect it to my uttermost."

The full effect of jealousy is seen in Othello's strange looks, tears, queries, taunts, and rash conclusions. Desdemona's sorrow is too deep for tears. She says to herself, "'Tis meet I should be used so, very meet. How have I been behaved, that he might stick the smallest opinion on my least misuse?" But she is frightened

into a confounding silence at the sight of the fell beast of jealousy in Othello. She is bewildered. And her question, "Am I that name Iago?" draws tears into my eyes, and brings a passing chill to creep over me. How noble she is! She cannot utter the foul word. And innocently Desdemona asks the heartless Iago to counsel her. She is too chaste to abuse Othello's love in thought, word, or deed. She concludes, "Unkindness may do much; and this unkindness may defeat my life, but never taint my love." What man is he that stands before her, that has ears to hear and heart to feel, and is not moved to give up his deadly scheme? He is Iago, who still sticks to his hypocrisy. Do not Othello's words, 'O hardness to dissemble'! hold good to this flint-hearted Iago?

Othello bids Desdemona go to bed. She obeys him. Sad forebodings enter the hearts of Emilia and Desdemona. There is a dead pause. And a dead sleep comes over Desdemona. The sentiments of Emilia: "Have not we affections, desires for sport, and frailty as men have? Then let them use us well: else, let them know, the ills we do, their ills instruct us so," still find an echo in many an agonized heart.

Now comes the pitiful scene. Othello appears beside his wife. But how? It is not the love of duty that braces up his nerves to take his firm stand by her and bid her to pray to God, as Harischandra is said to have done. It is not the burning sense of dishonour at the proved trespass that sets him on to put an end to her life, as Gautama is accounted to have done. No. It is neither of these. It is jealousy that makes him so hard-hearted as to dare the murder that once befell Vasantasena. "Foul jealousy! thou turnest love divine to joyless dread, and makest the loving heart with hateful thoughts to languish and to pine; and feed itself with self-consuming smart; of all the passions of the mind thou vilest art."

Fearless as Chandramati, and devout as Ahalya at the feet of her restorer Rama and noble as Vasantasena, Desdemona prays, 'Heaven have mercy on me!' and jealousy smothers her. And she dies a guiltless death. O fair Desdemona!

> 'Hope, Fortune, Love, smiled brightly on thy birth,
> Thine hour of death is all affliction's own,
> It is our task to suffer—and our fate!
> To learn that mighty lesson—soon or late.'

And is Brabantio still alive to lament his daughter's untimely tragic end? No. There is only her uncle to grieve over her: "Poor Desdemona! I am glad thy father is dead. Thy match was mortal to him. Did he live now, this sight would make him do a desperate turn, yea, curse his better angel from his side, and fall to reprobation." And here the tragedy comes to a grim close.

Artless, chaste, devout, steadfast, sympathetic, generous, trustful, and noble, Desdemona is a woman too virtuous to live long in this bleak life without being eclipsed by the corrupted currents of the world. She rushes into the arms of Death, whom God knows best when to send, and 'in whom we repose secure from worldly chances and mishaps. Here lurks no treason, here no envy swells; here are no storms, no noise, but silence and eternal sleep.'

But those brave, pitiful, words still ring in my ears:

> "Unkindness may do much;
> And this unkindness may defeat my Life,
> But never taint my Love."

ROSE.

II.—BY AN INDIAN GENTLEMAN.

In judging the truth or falsity of a statement, it is always necessary to take into consideration the character and knowledge of the person making the statement as well as the circumstances under which it was made.

Desdemona, as far as one can find out is incapable of telling a lie to save herself. She is a very affectionate woman. When she loves, she loves with all her heart, with all her soul, and with all her strength. On the other hand, she is not deep and thoughtful. She likes to take life easy. All she wants is love and, if she has it, she does not care even if the world is out of joint. But, though not very sensible, yet she is brave. She married the Moor though all the world was against her. When she makes up her mind, she is prepared to face the world and all its buffets without shrinking. The only thing that she cannot bear is the change in the treatment shown by Othello. Again, she is a woman who believes the world to be as honest and trustworthy as herself. She cannot and will not suspect any one.

Now, applying her character to her story, we have to say whether she spoke a falsehood. Falsehood is the result of two feelings in human nature, namely, cowardice and suspicion. Taking Desdemona as I take her to be, if there are two things she does not possess, they are these two qualities. Coming to the next point, we must ask the question whether, when Othello called for the handkerchief, Desdemona believed that she had lost it. The only evidence before us is the small bit of conversation when Desdemona asks Emilia where she could have lost that handkerchief. From this is it right to draw the inference that Desdemona believed that she lost the handkerchief? Does it not show her careless, thoughtless character? She misplaced it somewhere and she is too lazy to search for it. The only attempt she makes to recover it is to ask

Emilia about it. I infer from this passage that Desdemona does not *conscientiously believe* that she lost that fine bit of cloth. She thinks that she has misplaced it, and that it could be found, if properly searched for. Then, coming to the manner in which the request "Lend me the handkerchief" and description of it was made, one will infer that Desdemona spoke anything but the truth. But, Desdemona is not afraid of any one—not even of her husband. She is only afraid of losing his love. Even during the conversation she says "It is not lost : but what an' if it were?" Does this not show that she was not sure whether it was lost or not. But then does it follow from the words "I am most unhappy in the loss of it" that she believed she had lost the handkerchief? It cannot be, for though she is "most unhappy" she does not make the least effort to get it back. Taking all these things into consideration, I come to the conclusion that Desdemona spoke no falsehood and therefore is a true and noble woman, for it seems to me that truth is the best measure of the virtue of a life.

III.—Note by the Editor on Desdemona's Character.

I do not think we can say that Desdemona's nature is a careless or a thoughtless one. Nor does she strike us as a shallow-hearted woman. If 'deep' is to be taken to mean, not shallow-hearted, but with reserves of hidden strength, I think Desdemona is certainly deep. There is an under-current of strength in her, else how can she, as our Indian gentleman himself says, how could she love "with all her heart, with all her soul, and with all her strength?" "How can she make up her mind and be prepared to face the world and all its buffets without shrinking?" How can she "not be afraid of anyone, not even of her husband?"

If Desdemona does appear a little remiss in not searching for the handkerchief, I think it is merely the carelessness of a gay young girl, who does not understand the importance of life, not the laziness or carelessness of a constitutionally thoughtless person. Desdemona is still playing with the world. Life is still a jest to her. She has not understood yet what tragic issues are involved in the web of fate. Moreover, she has not understood the importance of the handkerchief. Her husband, no doubt, had given it to her as a sacred charge, but Desdemona cannot think for a moment that the happiness of her love really depends on it. How can that be so, says her heart with its treasure-house of youthful ideals. Love must depend on itself, not on outside accessories, or on accidental circumstances? She is still looking at the world with an eye, which understands only the larger issues of life, not with the minute care of an experienced individual, who is careful about the little details, some of which may, we know, lead to tragedy. Hence the apparent thoughtlessness of our Desdemona. She is still a girl. But for all that, there is a strong undercurrent of strength and of thoughtfulness in her. She has been a mere girl till now, but henceforth she will be a woman, with all a true woman's strength of character.

But now, what happens? This young girl, to whom love is all in all, who is like the tender ivy turning round the strong oak, is suddenly awakened to individual responsibility. She is asked to stand alone. And she is woman enough to tremble at the prospect. Moreover, she now suddenly sees the importance of the handkerchief. She lives in a superstitious age. Now a terrible fear enters into her heart. Suppose it was quite true that the happiness of her love depended on the handkerchief. If this were so, and if the handkerchief has been lost, why! the love of her husband to her is gone. A terrible thought indeed to the frail girl, to whom her husband is her whole world. What can she do now?

Then again, I think, her ideal of her husband is just a little disappointed. *Her* love does not depend on a handkerchief. But his seems to, for Desdemona has not yet understood Othello's character. Now, though she does not perhaps really think that his love depends on the handkerchief, yet the fear does enter her heart; and, in any case, her opinion of her husband has to be readjusted. Not that she loses her love for him. Far from it. It is not so frail, for true "love is kind and suffers long."

Above all this, her heart is drowned in sorrow at the horrible treatment which her husband accords to her. *He* to treat her *so*! How could he suspect her? Would she have suspected him under the circumstances. Ah! No! Her love is of a different kind.

And so, her poor little heart broken, and her poor little world turned quite awry, Desdemona does not know what to do. To make matters worse, there is the matter regarding Cassio troubling her sympathetic heart, which is ever ready to help others. What does Desdemona do then? Apparently tells a lie! But, with our Indian gentleman, I do not think it is a lie. Desdemona does not believe she has lost the handkerchief. She fears she has mislaid it somewhere. Her only fault is that she seems to prevaricate. She does not tell her husband that she cannot find it. But I do not think she meant to hide the fact. She knows, however, that her very hesitation implies it, and so her husband understands her. And we may be sure that, if

Desdemona really had lost the handkerchief, she would have told Othello at once.

And, if it *is* a lie, what about the other lie, with which she dies? The one is told to save her husband. And, cannot we take the other lie also—if we do think it a lie—in the same sense? Desdemona sees what pain the loss of the handkerchief is causing her husband. I think one cause of her hesitation is the fact that she is trying to reassure her husband. "Do not be afraid. The handkerchief is not lost. Do not let the thought cause you the agony it is now doing."

"And what an' if it were"! "Why should the thought cause you such sorrow. Why should you suspect me? Your love for me must stand firm, even if all the world were against it."

This is her sole thought, I think. This also is her sole hope. She cannot believe that her husband will so suspect her, that he will proceed to extremes. And she makes excuses for him. He is not in his right mind. Something is troubling him. Hence, his strange distraction. He will soon come round.

But, alas for Desdemona! Hapless victim that she is! The beautiful bud, that shows such promise of a lovely flower, is crushed at the very outset. The woman, whose love is such that she can say:

> "Unkindness may do much;
> And his unkindness may defeat my life,
> But never taint my love;"

the beautiful creature, whom her husband with all his disbelief in her, would not exchange for any treasure:

> "If heaven would make me such another world
> Of one entire and perfect chrysolite,
> I'd not have sold her for it";—

this sweet, this wonderful woman, is not allowed to live! There is no place for her in all this wide world! And so—oh wonderful fact, hard to believe!—her lovely life is quenched by an unkind hand.

My Literary Favourites.

MY earliest favourite authors were Byron and Scott in poetry and Macaulay in prose. Byron, I liked for the clearness and vigour of his style, the warmth of his imagination, and his dealing so largely in the element of love always so congenial to boys. Rhythm, vigour, and a martial ring were the recommendations of Scott. The patriotic element was common to both. Macaulay was the first writer of prose who impressed me with a notion of "style." The charm he had over my mind was indescribable. The clearness and directness of his speech, his measured sentences, the brilliancy of his imagery, his incisiveness, the setting of his words, his habitual rendering of the abstract into the concrete, his analysis of personality and his portraiture of scenes, all impressed me in a way such as no writer had done before. Amongst favourites of my school days, I cannot forget Moore and Poe for the music of their lines, or Addison amongst writers of prose for his simple grace, his suggestiveness, his quiet humour. As with growing years my interests came to be philosophical, I became an admirer of John Stuart Mill and Herbert Spencer not only as thinkers, but also as writers. In a more advanced stage of youth I began to form lasting attachments. My first reading of Carlyle was to me the revelation of a new world, and I began to appreciate Wordsworth. I like De Quincey for the terseness of his style, at once sentimental and philosophical; Landor for his imagination. I enjoy Lamb, Tom Hood and Thackeray for their humour. I admire the historic imagination of Scott and the deep, human sympathy of Dickens; the philosophical spirit and the scholarly eloquence of Froude, the majestic periods of Gibbon. I am in sympathy at once with the sarcastic humour, the fine logical hair-splitting of Huxley, and the spiritual sublimity and philosophical penetrativeness of Dr. Martineau. I delight as much in the rounded eloquence of Burke as in the refined simplicity of Matthew Arnold. But I find it difficult, at this time of life, in forming my preferences, to dissociate matter from style, substance from form. Circumstances have tended to develop in me a partiality, not so much for "things of the mind" as for things of the spirit. The tendency seems to be deepening so much that mere literature as a thing of form has been losing its charms for me. I return now and again to my old favourites, but only in a desultory way and no longer with the old eagerness. Sanskrit literature,—in particular, the masterpieces of Kalidasa and Bhabhavuti,—was my keenest flame at one time. It still burns, but no longer with the old intensity. Properly speaking, therefore, I cannot be said to have any longer any favourites in literature. It is only the spiritual element in literature that can at all fascinate me. Of living writers the one who pleases me most by his style is Mr. Frederic Harrison, and no one has sounder lessons to teach in history or politics; but he has nothing to say of the spiritual. Burke is valuable to me even more for his "Mysticism," his deep piety, than for his political philosophy. Tennyson is dear to me more for his spirituality than for his exquisite and unrivalled lyrical beauty. Shakespeare, I read with a new eye, waiting to see presentiments

TWO ENLIGHTENED MAHARANEES OF INDIA.

H. H. THE MAHARANEE GAEKWAR OF BARODA.

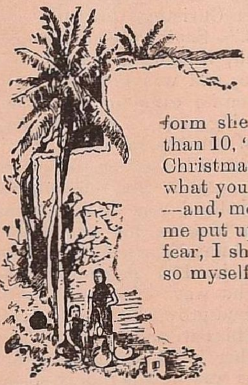
H. H. THE MAHARANEE OF COOCH-BEHAR.

verified, and signs of the Divine will vindicating themselves in an unexpected way at the end of a long and complicated story, in which human effort sought to overcome the higher purpose. The consolation that Matthew Arnold offers in his poems is to me unsatisfying. Carlyle is still of interest to me, as his philosophy is Vedantic. Wordsworth, is of even more interest because his Vedantism leads to universal love. My interest in Literature, popularly so called, is only a relic of an old love. I can look at the syren and admire her beauty of form and melody of song. But she has no power to bewitch me. I strive to look behind all phantoms, into the real. Call it literature or what you will, that alone is of absorbing and abiding interest to me, whether speech or writing, eastern or western, which unites all men by love, assimilates man to man, man and nature to God, and unifies the religions of the world. I am not ready to be a thrall to any interests but the spiritual. Not authors, but a subject alone, is my favourite.

N. N. Ghose.

A Christmas Story.

By Lady Harnam Singh.



"MOTHER," said a young girl of 14, though from her pale emaciated face and form she did not look more than 10, "a week from hence is Christmas day. I wonder now what you are going to give me —and, mother, won't you help me put up my stockings for, I fear, I shall not be able to do so myself. Grace Davis told me she hoped her father would give her a new Bicycle, while Amy Dobson had asked her mother to buy her a watch and chain." "Yes, dear, I shall help you with your stockings." "But, mother, you never seem to have any money. For, father will not give you any, he spends it all in drink, you say. So, will it mean that I will have no present this Christmas?" The mother, who was sitting at the window busily engaged in mending some of her husband's old clothes, felt burning tears coming to her eyes, but she made a desperate struggle to control her feelings, and, after a while, said, "My darling Gertrude, it is too true what you say, that I have no money, for which I feel very pained myself for your sake. For I love to give my little daughter some nice present for Christmas. But now, supposing I did have the money, tell me, Gertrude, what would you like to have?" "Ah!" said the girl, with a smile on her worn sad face, "mother, you know I do not now need a bicycle, watch, toys or frocks, for I could never use them. But what I would like to have is a nice Hymn book of my own, from which I could read all those beautiful hymns, I used to learn to sing at our Sunday School and a book with all the sayings and doings of the dear Lord Jesus, who was so good to the sick and weary, and loved little children when He was on earth. I could read them quite easily for myself, and not feel so lonely then," as I do very often now, when you are busy washing, cooking, and cannot be near me. "What a wise little girl you are, to be sure, my dear child, to ask for nothing, but what you need," said the mother, lumps rising to her throat and choking her almost, for she knew, how ill able she was to afford that poor withering flower, the small pleasure she was longing for. "Perhaps, Santa Claus will know of your wish and send you the book you want," said the mother. "But, mother, does Jesus send those pretty presents through Santa Claus, and will Heaven where I am soon going, be full of them, and with sweet story books?"

"Dear Gertrude, Santa Claus is only an imaginary being; the presents are really placed in the stocking by friends, but Heaven will be full of all that is lovely and beautiful. It may not have such things that we call beautiful on earth, and, I believe, when we are there, we shall not want the things of this world but rather the beautiful of the other world, where the sun never sets, and there is no night, no sickness, pain or death." "Mother, dear, one other thing I want to ask you, shall I be able to walk about and use my arms and feet as I used to do before?"

"Yes, my dear child, certainly in Heaven you will no longer be feeble or infirm, for God has said, 'And there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain.'"

"Thank you, mother, I think I shall go to sleep, I am so tired, and probably shall dream of Heaven and of all the beautiful things there," so saying she closed her eyes, and fell fast asleep.

Gertrude's father and mother were honest decent people living in the South Coast of England. The father was fairly educated, gentlemanly in his behaviour, and a hard-working man, the mother an earnest Christian, thrifty, and a perfect lady. For a dozen years or so, they had lived very happily and comfortably together;—the husband working hard to bring in as much money as he could to his wife, and she doing all she could to make the home bright and com-

fortable; both sought each other's pleasure and comfort more than his or her own, and never was an unkind or harsh word passed between them. But, alas, the husband fell into the company of men and women, who scoffed at religion, and called goodness a mockery; he got into the habit of that great curse, drink; then the home lost its charm, the wife her sacred influence, and religion its power to withhold from sin; not for a moment would he now think of bringing home his earnings to his wife, or even care to ask her if she needed anything. There was now no word of endearment or tender greetings, when he left or returned home very late at night, and often in the small hours of the morning; but instead there was the look of scorn, and unkind words of reproach. The worn and sorrowful face of his wife, once so admired and loved by him, did not in the slightest degree move his pity or love, neither did the wasted form, or the far away look, of his only child who was slowly passing away, arouse any great feeling of tenderness or anxiety for her. Sometimes, when she would beg hard of him to sit near her he would do so, and at times would even fondle, and caress her as of old, but suddenly as if he had remembered some very important engagement, would get up and leave the house, in spite of the child's tears, and the wife's entreaties to spend the evening with them.

One cold frosty evening, a few days before Christmas, when the husband was as usual leaving for one of his wild haunts of pleasure, his wife weary and worn with toiling all day and night to make both ends meet, and weighed down with anxiety on account of the serious condition of her darling child's health, came up to him and gently laying her hand on his shoulder said "Walter, dear, will you please wait a little and hear what I have to say?"

"Why, what's the matter now, what have you to say, please be quick about it because I have an engagement at 7." So saying, he put aside the fragile hand which was so lovingly put on his shoulder. "My dear," said she, "you know Gertrude is very ill, and the doctor fears she cannot last very long. She is not now able to eat everything and, therefore, is getting weaker and weaker sooner than she might have just for want of proper nourishment. Up to this I have tried to get her such little delicacies as my small money would allow, but it is beyond me now to meet all that her condition demands. The constant anxiety on her account, coupled with your coldness and neglect of me, have, as it were, paralysed me, and I feel, I have neither the physical strength, nor the mental capacity to work as I have worked hitherto. Then there is yule tide on us soon, when the hearts of friends, and, sometimes even of foes, go out to each other in love and good will, in remembrance of the advent of Him, who came down to this earth of sin and was to bring the message of Peace and good will to all mankind. I too should so like to make its hallowed memories pleasant for our child, by giving her a Christmas present. She wants just one Hymn book, and some nice story books containing the Life of the Master. Could you, therefore, give me money for the books and also for her extra food?"

"Ah! there it is, the same old story again money-money! But where it is to come from, to feed a woman's sentiment, I do not know? Jeanette! you know I have no money. So, it is useless your asking me; besides what does the child want with Hymn books and story books, when she is so ill?"

"Walter, that is just the reason that I want to give her this pleasure, as it may be the last Xmas she spends on earth."

"Jean! that is just like a woman, sentimental and emotional."

"But, dear Walter, this life is based on sentiments, in one way or the other, and made up of little deeds of kindness and love; this world would be a dreary wilderness, if it were not so."

"Well, well, it is all very nice to talk like this, but when it comes to the practical fact of it, which means money, then all I can say is, I have none to spare for Christmas presents, and such sentimentalities." Saying this, he opened the door and went out, heeding not his wife's pleadings not to do so, and was not seen until the next morning when he came in cross and irritable for his morning meal. After he had been gone a couple of minutes, his poor wife in an agony of despair threw herself on the couch and gave vent to bitter tears. She remembered the time, when her husband was all tenderness and love for her, when to cause her pain would be double pain for himself, when he feared God, and delighted in His precepts. She thought of him as he was now, so changed and altered. So cold had grown his love towards her, and so indifferent his care and attitude to her. In the bitterness of her heart she poured out her soul to Him, who was now her only solace and comfort, the only one she could look to and appeal for help and guidance. "Oh! God of my salvation, she cried, what am I to do? My burden seems too heavy for me to bear and sorrow too much to endure. Do thou, oh! source of all comfort and happiness, grant unto me patience under my sufferings, and that peace which the Saviour came to give the earth 1800 years ago." The moment this cry for mercy had been uttered, a sense of relief and entire resignation to His will entered her mind, and she rose calm and quiet from her knees, washed her face and went to her sick child's room. She found her asleep, yet

groaning at intervals, so feared there must be something worse with her dear child that evening. In a few minutes Gertrude awoke and found her mother bending over her to know if she were feeling well. "Yes! Mother dear, I am alright, only for a pain in my left side, it is so severe at times that I can hardly breathe. Has my daddy come home?"

"Yes! dearie, he did come home, but has gone out again."

"Ah! I wish he would not go out every evening, mother! I feel so happy when he sits near me, strokes my hand and calls me his brave boy."

"Perhaps, if you ask him to-morrow not to go away, but to be with you, he will do so."

"I think I shall, and tell him I shall put him in a corner if he does not obey me," said the child with a merry twinkle in her eye. "And now Mummy, will you sing me that beautiful Hymn, 'Tell me the old old story of Jesus and His love.'"

"With pleasure, my sweet child" and she sang the first few verses over and over again, for it seemed to comfort and soothe the child, who fell asleep again, and the mother left her to finish up the rest of her own work before she retired to bed.

That night, however, Gertrude took a turn for the worse; the pain in her side, which the doctor said was due to heart, increased, and her strength gradually grew less and less, until at midnight just as the bells of that small town began to chime and young folks sang the Christmas carols, Gertrude's soul flew to higher realms, and her weary aching body found rest in death. She had joined in the Angel's songs of "Glory to God in the highest, peace and good will to man."

Towards the dawn of morning, the father returned from his usual outing, and the broken-hearted wife met him at the threshold, and with a calm and collected countenance told him that their darling had gone to her heavenly home to be for ever with the Lord she so loved on earth, and that she would no longer have need for the hymn book as she had joined the heavenly host, and was singing the praises of the Lamb.

The news was so unexpected that for a long time the man stood like one spell-bound, then he fell on the child's bed and burst into a flood of tears. "Gertrude, Gertrude, my own brave boy, return to life once more, and I shall give you all that you care to have, and shall never leave you alone. I have killed you, I know, by my neglect and indifference. What a wretch I have been. My God, my God, have mercy on me, and give me back my only child, and I shall do all I can for her and try to be a better man."

In this pitious, mournful strain, he continued crying for over an hour, then he went up to his wife and holding both her hands in his, said; "Wife, can you ever forgive me for all the wrong I have done you. My wicked conduct has killed our only child, ruined your pleasure and comfort in life, and alas! worse than all, I have lost my own soul."

"My dearest husband, God is mighty to save, and those who come to Him, the very vilest of sinners, He will never cast away."

"Jeannette dear! how can I, who have so neglected my duty to Him, and to you and that loved one, ever be found worthy to receive pardon?"

"The greatest sinner can come to Him, and pardon and peace."

"My dear wife, I shall come to the Saviour, and by His help and grace be able to leave off my sinful ways and habits and become a new creature altogether. Will you not pray for me, and help me, to keep the vow I make at the death-bed of my dead child? That I shall from this day renounce my evil ways, and do all I can to warn others of the danger of falling into bad company and still worse into the accursed habit of drink."

And, thus, on that bright Christmas morning, at the bed-side of a dead child, the father and mother knelt in silent prayer and thanksgiving for the inward peace, which had come into their sad hearts like a wave of the ocean and whispered comfort.

"Down the dark future through long generations
The echoing sounds grow fainter and then cease
And like a bell with solemn sweet vibrations
I hear once more the voice of Christ say Peace."

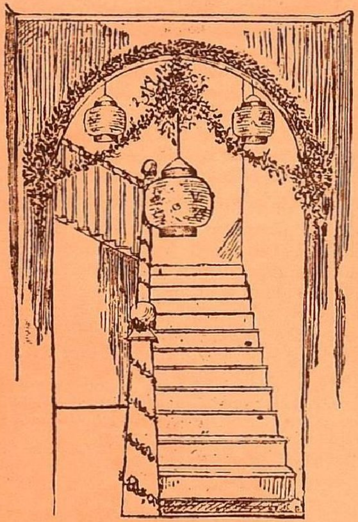
Longfellow.

Christmas with the Children in England.

By "Elspeth."

NOWADAYS, there seems to be a growing inclination among many of us to look upon Christmas as a distinctly tiresome and almost obsolete institution, to be got over with as little fuss as possible, and to be quietly but surely relegated to the limbo of things forgotten. This attitude towards the beautiful old festival is all very well for the grown-ups, but what about the children? Are they to be deprived of the great red-letter day of childhood; of the infinite joy and delight which Christmas brings to them? Think of the long delicious

anticipation, the many charming little secret preparations, and the wonderful fairy-like realisation, when the great day at length arrived, of one's own childhood! What a blank would have been left in the child's year if Christmas had been cut out of it, and what a host of beautiful memories we should all have missed! I think



the majority of my readers will agree with me that the time and trouble expended upon festive preparations will be richly rewarded if they secure for our children a Christmas, something like the delightful times of which we all have such vivid recollections. Now as regards these preparations. First and foremost, of course, comes the all-important task of

DECORATING THE HOUSE.

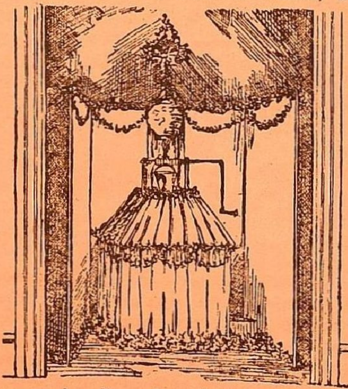
I know that many women, who would otherwise be only too delighted to see their rooms acquire a proper Christmassy aspect, are deterred from any extensive scheme of decoration by fear of the cost it would entail. Now this is a mistake. A really charming and most effective decoration can be contrived for the very minimum of outlay, if only a little forethought and ingenuity be exercised. Most of my readers, I know, live in country towns, or, at any rate, within easy reach of country lanes where all sorts of evergreens may be secured for the gathering. Scraps of holly, with or without berries, ivy, fir, yew, pine, box, or even the humble privet, may all be advantageously pressed into service for the making of the ropes, festoons, &c., which are the most effective features of home decoration. Failing these, there is always the ivy upon the garden wall, with which wonderful things may be done in capable hands. In the accompanying sketch I have given you a suggestion for the decoration of the ordinary small hall which is to be found in most houses. The band over the arch, the two festoons, and the wreath encircling the handrail and newel-post are all made from small pieces of evergreens twisted into ropes by means of fine florist's wire, which is to be purchased on reel for the small sum of one penny. In the centre of the arch is hung the traditional bunch of mistletoe, and a charming touch of colour is introduced by means of three gay Chinese lanterns swung among the greenery. This, of course, is only an idea, which may be improved upon or cut down according to the individual taste of the decorator. The decoration of the house immediately suggests to one's mind the decoration of

THE CHRISTMAS DINNER TABLE,

which should, in my opinion, when children are in question, be strongly suggestive of the special day for which it is prepared. A tiny Christmas tree decorated with silvered or gilt walnuts, small coloured candles, little bright balls, crystallised fruit, and crackers, always makes a most effective centrepiece, and one which is highly appreciated by the small spectators. It may be supplemented by a pretty bright-coloured table centre, edged with a border of holly and mistletoe sprigs, and a few crimson and white flowers, if liked. A further supply of bright crackers scattered about the table-cloth adds to the general brightness of effect, and incidentally, to the joy of the children, who dearly love the fun of pulling them when dessert arrives. But I must not take up all my space with chatting about decorative effect. There is the important ceremony of

HANGING UP THE STOCKING

on Christmas Eve to be considered. It is a charming, fanciful old custom which, I hope,



will never be allowed to fall into neglect. It

need not be at all a costly affair. The stocking may be packed with all sorts of inexpensive trifles, such as packets of simple home-made sweets, little cheap toys, costing a penny or two, oranges, apples, nuts, any little odds and ends, in fact. Such things will give quite as much real pleasure to the recipient as far more expensive articles. The real joy lies in the early finding of the packed stocking, so limp and empty the night before, the wonder of what lies hidden in it, and the delighted turning out of one thing after another.

Next there is the question of children's parties, which demands serious attention. It is difficult to say anything very definite about such affairs, as the circumstances and means of the giver and the age of the children invited differ so much. One thing, however, is certain, whether the party be elaborate or simple, costly or not, a definite programme should be arranged beforehand and strictly adhered to if the party is to be a success. Otherwise the children will never agree as to what is to be done. One child will want to dance when another wants to play games, or the game which appeals to one small baby will not please another. But if a definite programme is written out and the children are told what comes next they will acquiesce happily and thoroughly enjoy themselves. Personally, I think, a mixed programme of dances and games gives most general satisfaction. It ensures sufficient variety to prevent the children growing tired, and it considers all sorts of tastes. Such an arrangement may be very pleasantly varied by a distribution of small presents sometimes during the evening. These little souvenirs are highly appreciated by the small guests, and as they can be made for a trifling sum, by the expenditure of a little time and trouble, they are worthy of consideration, as they add greatly to the success of the party. They may be distributed in various charming ways. A Father Christmas, dressed in scarlet tunic, long white beard, holly-wreathed hood, &c., and laden with the numerous small parcels, always gives pleasure. Then there is the time-honoured Christmas Tree, which is always fresh and delightful to the small spectators. Another idea, which is rather newer, and which always meets with tremendous applause, is a draw-well. The little sketch above gives some idea of how

THE DRAW-WELL

should be made. The well itself consists of a light framework of strips of wood roughly nailed together in the shape shown in the illustration and covered with crinkled paper or glazed calico in some pretty bright colour. It should be finished and decorated with bands and festoons of evergreens. To the top is fixed a framework holding a little winch and handle which works up and down a child's bucket. When ready, this draw-well should be placed inside an open door and two screens arranged round it in such a fashion as to leave an open space of a foot or so between them; right at the back of the draw-well. This space is covered by a short curtain, a hole is made in the well at the bottom to correspond with the space between the screens, and some responsible person takes a seat behind. As each child comes up to the well, calls out its name and lowers the bucket, a suitable parcel is slipped in, wound up to the surface, and secured by the happy baby.

Talking of parties reminds me that there is a rapidly growing liking for

CHILDREN'S FANCY DRESS DANCES,

which are certainly delightfully pretty, the various costumes worn being a source of endless amusement to the little wearers. As it is probable that some of the small members of our household may be invited to such a festivity, a few words on the subject of fancy dresses may not be out of place. To begin with, all such costumes should be of fairly

simple type. Over-elaboration completely destroys the pretty childish effect of the dress, to say nothing of the extra cost it involves. Then they should be as inexpensive as possible, for a costume of the kind will be worn, at the most, three or four times before it is completely outgrown. For my own part, I must confess to a partiality for

PRETTY PEASANT DRESSES.

They are easily and cheaply made, and suit their tiny wearers admirably. Two charming little frocks are pictured in our illustration.

The taller maiden of the two wears a picturesque old French village dress. The full skirt and sleeves are made of some flowered material which may be silk, cotton, or woollen according to individual taste. The bodice is fashioned of a striped fabric with a narrow blue, green, or scarlet stripe upon a white ground. The top is finished with a turned-down border of lace, and the bottom with two silk pipings. A lace-edged fichu and apron of lawn, undersleeves of the same dainty material, and a coif of lace complete the pretty costume. The smaller child is attired in a little Dutch girl's dress. Cap of drawn white lawn, white frilled lawn fichu, dark green tabbed bodice with turn-back cuffs of frilled lawn, full scarlet skirt, white lawn apron, and small light sabots make up the details of this becoming frock.

Space forbids me to write more on this fascinating subject, but I have, I trust, suggested one or two ideas which may give rise to endless developments in the fertile brains of my readers. It only remains for me to wish you all the happiest and merriest of Christmastides, to be followed by the most fortunate of New Years.

The Christmas Angel.

It was the hour of rest in the Country Beyond the Stars. All the silver bells that swing with the turning of the great ring of light which lies around that land were softly chiming; and the sound of their commotion went down like dew upon the golden ways of the city and the long alleys of blossoming trees, and the meadows of asphodel, and the curving shores of the River of Life.

At the hearing of that chime, all the angels, who had been working, turned to play, and all who had been playing gave themselves joyfully to work. Those, who had been singing, and making melody on different instruments, fell silent and began to listen. Those who had been walking alone in meditation met together in companies to talk. And those who had been far away on errands to the Earth and other planets came homeward, like a flight of swallows to the high cliff when the day is over.

It was not that they needed to be restored from weariness, for the inhabitants of that country never say, "I am tired." But there, as here, the law of change is the secret of happiness, and the joy that never ends is woven of mingled strands of labour and repose, society and solitude, music and silence. Sleep comes to them, not as it does to us, with a darkening of the vision and a folding of the wings of the spirit, but with an opening of the eyes to deeper and fuller light, and with an effortless outgoing of the soul upon broader currents of life, as the sun-loving bird poises and circles upward, without a wing-beat, on the upholding air.

It was in one of the quiet corners of the green valley called Peacefield, where the little brook of Brighthopes runs smoothly down to join the River of Life, that I saw a company of angels, returned from various labours on Earth, sitting in friendly converse on the hill-side, where cyclamens and arbutus and violets and fringed orchids and pale lady's-tresses, and all the sweet-smelling flowers which are separated in the lower world by the seasons, were thrown together in a harmony of fragrance. There were three of the company, who seemed to be leaders, distinguished not only by more radiant and powerful looks, but by a tone of authority in their speech and by the willing attention with which the others listened to them, as they talked of their earthly tasks, of the tangles and troubles, the wars and miseries that they had seen among men, and of the best way to get rid of them and bring sorrow to an end.

"The Earth is full of oppression and unrighteousness," said the tallest and most powerful of the angels. His voice was deep and strong, and by his shining armour and the long two-handed sword hanging over his shoulder I knew that he was the archangel Michael, the mightiest one among the warriors of the King, and the executor of the divine judgments upon the unjust. "The Earth is tormented with injustice," he cried, "and the great misery that I have seen among men is that the evil hand is often stronger than the good hand and can beat it down.

"The arm of the cruel is heavier than the arm of the kind. The unjust get the better of the just and tread on them. I have seen tyrant kings crush their helpless folk. I have seen the fields of the innocent trampled into bloody ruin by the feet of conquering armies. I have seen the wicked nations overcome the peoples that loved liberty, and take away their treasure by force of arms. I have seen poverty mocked by arrogant wealth, and purity deflowered by brute violence, and gentleness and fair-dealing bruised in the winepress of iniquity and pride.

"There is no cure for this evil, but by the giving of greater force to the good hand. The righteous cause must be strengthened with might to resist the wicked, to defend the helpless, to punish all cruelty and unfairness, to uphold the right everywhere, and to enforce justice with unconquerable arms. Oh, that the host of Heaven might be called, arrayed, and sent to mingle in the wars of men, to make the good victorious, to destroy all evil, and to make the will of the King prevail!

"We would shake down the thrones of tyrants, and loose the bands of the oppressed. We would hold the cruel and violent with the bit of fear, and drive the greedy and fierce-minded men with the whip of terror. We would stand guard with weapons drawn, about the innocent, the gentle, the kind, and keep the peace of God with the sword of the angels!"

As he spoke, his hands were lifted to the hilt of his long blade, and he raised it above him, straight and shining, throwing sparkles of light around it, like the spray from the sharp prow of a moving ship. Bright flames of heavenly ardour leaped in the eyes of the listening angels; a martial air passed over their faces, as if they longed for the call to war.

But no silver trumpet blared from the battlements of the City of God; no crimson flag was unfurled on those high, secret walls; no thrilling drum-beat echoed over the smooth meadow. Only the sound of the brook of Brighthopes was heard tinkling and murmuring among the roots of the grasses and flowers; and far off a cadence of song drifted down from the inner courts of the Palace of the King.

Then another angel began to speak, and made answer to Michael. He, too, was tall and wore the look of power. But it was power of the mind rather than of the hand. His face was clear and glistening, and his eyes were lit with a steady flame which neither leaped nor fell. Of flame also were his garments, which clung about him as the fire enwraps a torch burning where there is no wind; and his great wings, spiring to a point far above his head, were like a living lamp before the altar of the Most High. By this sign I knew that it was the archangel Uriel, the spirit of the Sun, clearest in vision, deepest in wisdom, of all the spirits that surround the throne.

"I hold not the same thought," said he, "as the great archangel Michael; nor, though I desire the same end which he desires, would I seek it by the same way. For I know how often power has been given to the good, and how often it has been turned aside and used for evil. I know that the host of Heaven, and the very stars in their courses, have fought on the side of a favoured nation; yet pride has followed triumph and oppression has been the first-born child of victory. I know that the deliverers of the people have become tyrants over those whom they have set free, and the fighters for liberty have been changed into the soldiers of fortune. Power corrupts itself, and might cannot save.

"Does not the Prince Michael remember how the angel of the Lord led the armies of Israel, and gave them the battle against every foe, except the enemy within the camp? And how they robbed and crushed the peoples against whom they had fought for freedom? And how the wickedness of the tribes of Canaan survived their conquest and overcame their conquerors, so that the children of Israel learned to worship the idols of their enemies, Moloch, and Baal, and Ashtoreth?

"Power corrupts itself, and might cannot save. Was not Persia the destroyer of Babylon, and did not the tyranny of Persia cry aloud for destruction? Did not Rome break the yoke of the East, and does not the yoke of Rome lie heavy on the shoulders of the world? Listen!"

There was silence for a moment on the slopes of Peacefield, and then over the encircling hills a cool wind brought the sound of chains clanking in prisons and galleys, the sighing of millions of slaves, the weeping of wretched women and children, the blows of hammers nailing men to their crosses. Then the sound passed by with the wind, and Uriel spoke again:

"Power corrupts itself, and might cannot save. The Earth is full of ignorant strife, and for this evil there is no cure but by the giving of greater knowledge. It is because men do not understand evil that they yield themselves to its power. Wickedness is folly in action, and injustice is the error of the blind. It is because men are ignorant that they destroy one another, and at last themselves.

"If there were more light in the world there would be no sorrow. If the great King who knows all things would enlighten the world with wisdom—wisdom to understand his law and his ways, to read the secrets of the earth and the stars, to discern the workings of the heart of man and the things that make for joy and peace—if he would but send us, his messengers, as a flame of fire to shine upon those who sit in darkness, how gladly would we go to bring in the new day!

"We would speak the word of warning and counsel to the erring, and tell knowledge to the perplexed. We would guide the ignorant in the paths of prudence, and the young would sit at our feet and hear us gladly in the school of life. Then folly would fade away as the morning vapour, and the sun of wisdom would shine on

all men, and the peace of God would come with the counsel of the angels."

A murmur of pleasure followed the words of Uriel, and eager looks flashed around the circle of the messengers of light as they heard the praise of wisdom fitly spoken. But there was one among them, on whose face a shadow of doubt rested, and though he smiled, it was as if he remembered something that the others had forgotten. He turned to an angel near him.

"Who was it," said he, "to whom you were sent with counsel long ago? Was it not Balaam, the son of Beor, as he was riding to meet the King of Moab? And did not even the dumb beast profit more by your instruction than the man who rode him? And who was it," he continued, turning to Uriel, "that was called the wisest of all men, having searched out and understood the many inventions that are found under the sun? Was not Solomon, prince of fools and philosophers, unable by much learning to escape weariness of the flesh and despair of the spirit? Knowledge also is vanity and vexation. This I know well, because I have dwelt among men and held converse with them since the day when I was sent to instruct the first man in Eden."

Then I looked more closely at him who was speaking and recognised the beauty of the archangel Raphael, as it was pictured long ago:

"A seraph winged; six wings he wore to shade
His lineaments divine; the pair that clad
Each shoulder broad came mantling o'er his breast,
With regal ornament; the middle pair
Girt like a starry zone his waist, and round,
Skirted his loins and thighs with downy gold
And colours dipped in Heav'n; the third his feet
Shadowed from either heel with feathered mail,
Sky-tinctured grain. Like Maia's son he stood
And shook his plumes, that Heavenly fragrance filled
The circuit wide."

"Too well I know," he spoke on, while the smile on his face deepened into a look of pity and tenderness and desire, "too well I know that power corrupts itself and that knowledge cannot save. There is no cure for the evil that is in the world but by the giving of more love to men. The laws that are ordained for earth are strange and unequal, and the ways where men must walk are full of pitfalls and dangers. Pestilence creeps along the ground and flows in the rivers; whirlwind and tempest shake the habitations of men and drive their ships to destruction; fire breaks forth from the mountains and the foundations of the world tremble. Frail is the flesh of man, and many are his pains and troubles. His children can never find peace until they learn to love one another and to help one another.

"Wickedness is begotten by disease and misery. Violence comes from poverty and hunger. The cruelty of oppression is when the strong tread the weak under their feet; the bitterness of pride is when the wise and learned despise the simple; the crown of folly is when the rich think they are gods, and the poor think that God is not.

"Hatred and envy and contempt are the curse of life. And for these there is no remedy save love—the will to give and to bless—the will of the King himself, who gives to all and is loving unto every man. But how shall the hearts of men be won to this will? How shall it enter into them and possess them? Even the gods that men fashion for themselves are cruel and proud and false and unjust. How shall the miracle be wrought in human nature to reveal the meaning of humanity? How shall men be made like God?"

At this question a deep hush fell around the circle, and every listener was still, even as the rustling leaves hang motionless when the light breeze falls away in the hour of sunset. Then, through the silence, like the song of a far-away thrush from its hermitage in the forest, a voice came ringing: "I know it, I know it, I know it."

Clear and sweet—clear as a ray of light, sweeter than the smallest silver bell that rang the hour of rest—was that slender voice floating on the odorous and translucent air. Nearer and nearer it came, echoing down the valley, "I know it, I know it, I know it!"

Then from between the rounded hills, among which the brook of Brighthopes is born, appeared a young angel, a little child, with flying hair of gold, and green wreaths twined about his shoulders, and fluttering hands that played upon the air and seemed to lift him so lightly that he had no need of wings. As thistle-down, blown by the wind, dances across the water, so he came along the little stream, singing clear above the murmur of the brook.

All the angels rose and turned to look at him with wondering eyes. Multitudes of others came flying swiftly to the place from which the strange, new song was sounding. Rank within rank, like a garden of living flowers, they stood along the sloping banks of the brook while the child-angel floated into the midst of them, singing:

"I know it, I know it, I know it! Man shall be made like God because the son of God shall become a man."

At this all the angels looked at one another with amazement, and gathered more closely about the child-angel, as those who hear wonderful news.

"How can this be?" they asked. "How is it possible that the son of God should be a man?"

"I do not know," said the young angel. "I only know that it is to be."

"But if he becomes a man," said Raphael, "he will be at the mercy of men; the cruel and the wicked will have power upon him; he will suffer."

"I know it," answered the young angel, "and by suffering he will understand the meaning of all sorrow and pain; and he will be able to comfort every one who cries; and his own tears will be for the healing of sad hearts; and those who are healed by him will learn for his sake to be kind to each other."

"But if the Son of God is a true man," said Uriel, "he must first be a child, simple, and lowly, and helpless. It may be that he will never gain the learning of the schools. The masters of earthly wisdom will despise him and speak scorn of him."

"I know it," said the young angel, "but in meekness will he answer them; and to those who become as little children he will give the heavenly wisdom that comes, without seeking, to the pure and gentle of heart."

"But if he becomes a man," said Michael, "evil men will hate and persecute him: they may even take his life, if they are stronger than he."

"I know it," answered the young angel, "they will nail him to a cross. But when he is lifted up, he will draw all men unto him, for he will still be the Son of God, and no heart that is open to love can help loving him, since his love for men is so great that he is willing to die for them."

"But how do you know these things?" cried the other angels. "Who are you?"

"I am the Christmas angel," he said. "At first I was sent as the dream of a little child, a holy child, blessed and wonderful, to dwell in the heart of a pure virgin, Mary of Nazareth. There I was hidden till the word came to call me back to the throne of the King, and tell me my name, and give me my new message. For this is Christmas day on Earth, and to-day the Son of God is born of a woman. So I must fly quickly, before the sun rises, to bring the good news to those happy men who have been chosen to receive them."

As he said this, the young angel rose, with arms outspread, from the green meadow of Peacefield and, passing over the bounds of Heaven, dropped swiftly as a shooting-star toward the night shadow of the Earth. The other angels followed him—a throng of dazzling forms, beautiful as a rain of jewels falling from the dark-blue sky. But the child-angel went more swiftly than the others, because of the certainty of gladness in his heart.

And as the others followed him they wondered who had been favoured and chosen to receive the glad tidings.

"It must be the Emperor of the World and his counsellors," they thought. But the flight passed over Rome.

"It may be the philosophers and the masters of learning," they thought. But the flight passed over Athens.

"Can it be the High Priest of the Jews, and the elders and the scribes?" they thought. But the flight passed over Jerusalem.

It floated out over the hill country of Bethlehem; the throng of silent angels holding close together, as if perplexed and doubtful; the child-angel darting on far in advance, as one who knew the way through the darkness.

The villages were all still: the very houses seemed asleep; but in one place there was a low sound of talking in a stable, near to an inn—a sound as of a mother soothing her baby to rest.

All over the pastures on the hillsides a light film of snow had fallen, delicate as the veil of a bride adorned for the marriage; and as the child-angel passed over them, alone in the swiftness of his flight, the pure fields sparkled round him, giving back his radiance.

And there were in that country shepherds abiding in the fields, keeping watch over their flocks by night. And lo! the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them, and they were sore afraid. And the angel said unto them: "Fear not; for behold I bring you glad tidings of great joy which shall be to all nations. For unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you; ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger."

And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavently host, praising God and saying: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men." And the shepherds said one to another: "Let us now go, even to Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to pass."

So I said within myself that I also would go with the shepherds, even to Bethlehem. And I heard a great and sweet voice, as of a bell, which said, "Come!" And when the bell had sounded twelve times, I awoke; and it was Christmas morn; and I knew that I had been in a dream.

Yet it seemed to me that the things which I had heard were true.

The Joke that Failed.

WITHOUT doubt Sundari was the scandal of the little town she lived in. Old men talked of her, as they sat on the pials basking in the morning sun, and lamented the iniquities of the younger generation. Old women, dandling their grand-children, shook their heads and exclaimed with finger on nose 'Is it possible?' Pretty young wives of thirteen and fourteen, as they tripped to the well with the waterpots, talked of Sundari with bated breath, and thanked the Lord they were not like her.

What did this unlucky woman do, one might ask, that the censure of the whole town should be heaped upon her? In the first place she called her husband by name, which is a very wicked thing to do, as any Brahmin girl of six can tell you. Next, she not only read English like a man, but even talked with her husband and his friends in the same nefarious language. Finally, and most horrible to relate, she once actually caressed her husband in the presence of others! And when a woman descends to *that* she is capable of doing almost anything.

I have seen the fair criminal herself, a tall gawky girl of seventeen or eighteen. There was nothing remarkable about her, if you except her hair, which was dark and plentiful, and her eyes, dark and lustrous with a suggestion of 'old unhappy far off things and battles long ago.'

Perhaps, the curious reader is still wondering who could have made her what she was. To his shame, be it said, it was her own husband, Sankaram. Sankaram, a cultured young man belonged to that rare class of philosophers, who refuse to take anything seriously. Life was to him a huge practical joke. 'Fun and frolick' followed him wherever he went, and I have no doubt he brightened up with his laughter even the musty old records of the Humdrum Office, where he drew his fifty rupees a month.

It was as a joke that he taught Sundari the English alphabet. But the seeds so carelessly sown found for once a congenial soil in her. It is the fashion for young husbands fresh from the university to teach their little wives English, but, as a rule, it never advances beyond the 'cat-sat-on-the mat' stage. Not so the case with Sundari. Slowly and painfully she laboured through the primers and readers, devoured with avidity Æsop's Fables, Gulliver's Travels and books of that kind, and when she began to misquote Shelley and rough-handle Shakespeare, her husband was fairly taken aback, like the fisherman in the Arabian tale when he saw a genius rise out of a small bottle. But, unlike the fisherman, he did not try to compress the genius back into the bottle. He purchased books for her without number, studied with her, and himself worked hard that he might teach her. But let us go on with our story.

Now it happened that the head of the Humdrum Office found it necessary to send a man to a distant station, and he chose Sankaram. So he went, leaving Sundari behind him in spite of her tears and entreaties, for she loved her husband with all the passionate devotion of a Hindu wife and could not bear to be separated from him even for a day. But Sankaram sternly said, 'For all your learning, Sundari, you are a woman and a silly little fool. Why should you come to that unhealthy little town to which I am driven by a pig-headed superior? I do not want you to catch your death of malaria. You sit at home and mind your books. I shall be back in a couple of weeks." So she had to let him go, after he had promised to write to her by every mail.

And he kept his promise faithfully for two days. On the third day he fell into the company of some 'jolly good fellows,' and after that he forgot his wide-eyed, English-learning wife, two hundred and odd miles away, who was for ever 'counting the day when her lord will be back.'

His two weeks of work were over and he started for home. But on arrival instead of going home, straight to his wife, mark what he did. He went to the little post office and wrote a letter like this.

'Dear Madam,

Your husband caught a cold some days back, which has now developed into pneumonia. As your husband's friend, I consider it necessary to inform you that your presence here is advisable.

Yours truly, etc.'

He addressed this letter to Sundari and made his friend, the post master put a few post marks on it. He then asked one of the postmen to deliver it at his house.

* * *

Sundari was standing in the lamp light, the open letter in her hand. She was not weeping. Everything seemed to whirl round her and she could hear the arteries going thud-thud in her head. Her husband was dying far far away and she, wretched woman, was not even near him. She flung the letter down and looked up straight into the eyes of her smiling husband!

With a wild scream she rushed into the kitchen and bolted herself in. Sankaram begged, entreated and commanded her, to open the door, but without success. He pleaded again and again 'It was a joke, Sundari. Don't you know

a joke when you see one? Won't you excuse me for this once?" etc., etc.

Eventually the door had to be broken open. Sundari was crouching in a corner. Her face and hands were covered with ashes and she was munching some bits of charcoal. On seeing Sankaram, she laughed, the meaningless laughter of the insane. What were Sankaram's feelings? There are things that cannot be described; absolute darkness is of that number. He tenderly took her in his arms, and wiped the ash-stained face. He spoke a thousand pathetic words of love and affection.

But she only said 'Poor Sankaram, he died of pneumonia. Come and eat some charcoal.'

C. N. R.

The Bharat Mata's Awakening

(A Dream).

In a Himalayan valley, on a bed of sylvan green
Lay the Bharat Mata weeping, beauteous as a fallen queen:
Forsaken by her sons and daughters and forsworn by kith and kin;
Just a poor unhappy mother grieving for her children's sin,
In her gloomy weeds of mourning, with her loosely matted hair
Lay the Bharat Mata weeping—like a shanyashini fair:
Would she lie there ever weeping, she who wept for filial love?
Could she lie there ever weeping, when there was a power above?
No! a peal of mighty thunder rent the air as if in two;
Followed by a flash of lightning, bright against the heaven's blue;
And her wandering sons and daughters, groping listless in the dark,
Hurried to the sylvan bedside, where her anguish they did mark:
In that flash of golden lightning bursting o'er the heaven's blue
Was revealed their mother's beauty in its soft and touching hue,
And her children with one accord, called her gently by her name,
Mother rise! beloved mother! and forgive us in our shame.
Slow, but with a joyous movement, rose the Bharata Mata fair,
Both her hands outstretched in welcome, as in answer to their prayer:
And the heavens lent their moonbeams, on her hallowed form to shine;
So the children saw their mother, twice as fair and as divine.
Then, she cried in tender accents—"Have you come to me again?"
A mother will forgive her children tho' they cause her woe and pain:
With a mother's tender feeling, with a sweet and loving grace,
All her children—poor and stricken, in her arms she did embrace,
Slow the moonbeams poured their radiance, till they faded quite away;
And the soft and stilly darkness turned into a glorious day:
Then the sun in double splendour lit the scene of new found love
The Bharat Mata with her children—as by sanction from above.
Joyous stepped the Bharat Mata, with the gesture of a queen,
Casting off her gloomy garments for a dress of shimmering green
On her brow—a sparkling diadem, jewels on her arms and neck;
Lovely flowers and golden harvest all her beauteous form bedeck:
Thus in all her wealth and beauty, with a smile of rapture sweet;
Did the joyous Bharat Mata her beloved children greet:
And they knelt there sore repentant—knelt there lowly at her feet,
Hailing her in accents ringing through the lowlands soft and sweet:
'Twas the magic of her beauty, burst them forth into that song—
Into that long forgotten anthem—Bharat's Patriotic song!

Lalita Gupta.

Dreaming.

THE mysterious phenomenon of dreaming, so common and yet on that account not the least easily explainable, is the subject, on which we have undertaken to say a few words in this paper. Although, it is impossible to give a satisfactory explanation of this remarkable mental phenomenon, yet, it is interesting to know the various theories advanced by philosophers and psychologists; and to have some idea of the attempts, that have been made to unravel the mystery, which hangs over the subject. The opinions of the ancients, as regards the immediate cause of dreaming, were various. Aristotle says:—"Every object of sense produces

upon the human soul a certain impression, which remains for some time after the object that made it, is removed; and which, being afterwards recognised, by the perceptive faculty in sleep, gives rise to the varied images which present themselves." It was Dugald Stewart, I think, who has tried to reduce the phenomenon of dreaming to some established principles. His explanations are worth considering. He makes out, that all the operations of the mind which depend upon our *volition*, are suspended; the will loses its influence over those faculties of the mind and those members of the body, which, during our waking hours, are subjected to its authority. We are obliged to admit that Dugald Stewart's Theory is correct, for the obvious consequences of the suspension of the will are, (1) while asleep the succession of our thoughts, in so far as it depends entirely on the association, may be carried on by the operation of the same unknown cause, by which it is produced while we are awake and (2) the order of our thoughts when asleep, and when awake must be entirely different, inasmuch as in the latter, it depends on the voluntary exertions combined with the laws of association, whereas in the former, it merely depends on the laws of association. These two consequences we notice in dreaming. And again this theory gives a good explanation of the inaccurate estimate we form of time when dreaming; as he well puts it "the rapidity of thought is such, that in the twinkling of an eye a crowd of ideas may pass before us, to which it would take a long discourse to give utterance; and transactions may be conceived, which it would require days or even years, to realize. But, in sleep, the conceptions of the mind are mistaken for realities and therefore our estimate of time will be found, not according to our experience of the rapidity of thought, but according to our experience of the time requisite for realizing what we conceive."

The mind during sleep is more or less active. In complete sleep, there is an entire absence of consciousness of really existing external things; and the important feature in dreaming, as just seen, is the absence of control over the current of thought. The trains of idea do not succeed each other, subject to our will; hence the principle of suggestion has unlimited sway. We do anything in the state of dreaming, not only listen to the conversation of friends we imagine to be near, but also give coherent replies to their queries.

Dreams are merely the re-embodiment of thoughts which have before, in some shape or other, occupied the mind. They are broken fragments of our conceptions, patched up anyhow and revived. Some of the combinations are certainly very absurd. We dare say, our readers remember the well-known instance of Dr. Gregory's dream;—having once had occasion to apply a bottle of hot water to his feet when he retired to bed, he dreamed that he was ascending the side of Mount Etna, and that he found the heat of the ground almost insufferable. A gentleman once dreamt that his whole body was covered with chameleons, that were creeping and turning round him in all directions; he woke in the morning, of course a little curious to find out what made him dream of such an horrid sight; for two or three days he was not able to find out any clue to his strange dream. At last one day sitting in the room, he found on the table a paper-weight shaped in the form of a chameleon. He must have seen it before the dream happened, but he entirely forgot all about it. People who have had blisters applied to their heads have been known to dream of being scalped by a party of North American Indians. Sleeping in a smoky room, we may dream of a house or city being in flames. The smell of a flower may call forth the idea of walking in a garden and so on.

Though dreams chiefly consist of old conceptions patched up indiscriminately and revived, yet there are authentic instances of mental operations in dreams, of an highly intellectual character. Dr. Gregory mentions that thoughts which sometimes occurred to him in dreams, and even the particular expressions in which they were conveyed, appeared to him afterwards, when awake, so just in point of reasoning and illustration, and so good in point of language that he had used them in his College lectures and in his writings as well. Coleridge during his sleep composed Kubla Khan, which however he was unable to finish when awake. Dr. Franklin also informs Cabanis that the bearings and issues of political events, which had puzzled him when awake, were not unfrequently unfolded to him in his dreams. One gentleman invented a French verb in a dream. He thought he was in a very close sort of a pent house, with such a number of persons, that they were threatened with suffocation, as there appeared no way of letting in air. In this state he called out, *il faut detoiter*. There is no such word, but it was evidently formed from *toit*, the roof of a building.

Facts or events may be brought up by association in dreams, which had entirely passed out of the mind, and long ceased to be either objects of attention or memory. Here is a remarkable instance:—During an investigation, some few years ago in the north of Scotland, respecting an atrocious murder committed on a pedlar, a man came forward voluntarily, and declared that he had a dream, in which there was represented to him a house, and a voice directed him to a spot, in which, there was buried the pack or box for small articles of merchandise, of the murdered

person. On search being made, the pack was found, not precisely at the spot, which he had mentioned, but very near it. The first impression on the mind of the public was, that he was either the murderer, or an accomplice in the crime. But the individual accused was soon after clearly convicted. Before his execution, the man who actually committed the crime confessed it, and, in the strongest manner, exculpated the dreamer from any participation in, or knowledge of, the murder. The only fact, that could be discovered, calculated to throw any light upon the occurrence was, that, immediately after the murder, the dreamer and the murderer had been together, in a state of almost constant intoxication for several days; and it is supposed, that the latter might have allowed statements to escape from him, which had been recalled to the other in his dream, though he had no remembrance of them in his sober hours.

There have also been authentic instances of dreams, giving notice of events occurring at the time or which have occurred soon after. Without resorting to any supernatural causes, we think such dreams, or as they are better known examples of "second sight," could be easily explained on ordinary principles. The following is a remarkable incident which we believe is quite authentic. A clergyman, who had left his country home and was staying at an inn, in Edinburgh, dreamt that his house was on fire and one of his children in the midst of it. He awoke with the impression, and instantly left town on his return home. When he arrived within sight of his house, he found it on fire, and got there in time to assist in saving one of his children, who in the hurry and excitement, had been left in a situation of danger. Without calling in question the possibility of supernatural communication, in a case so striking as this, we still believe that it is capable of a simple explanation. Let us suppose, that the gentleman had a servant, who had shown great carelessness in regard to fire, and had often given rise in his mind to a strong apprehension, that he might set fire to the house. His anxiety might be increased by being away from home, and the same circumstance might make the servant still more careless. Let us further suppose that the gentleman, before going to bed, had, in addition to this anxiety, suddenly recollected that there was on that day, in the neighbourhood of his house, some fair, or periodical merry-making, from which the servant was very likely to return home intoxicated. It was most natural, that these impressions should be embodied into a dream of his house being on fire, and that the same circumstance might lead to the dream being fulfilled.

Of course people dream about a great number of things, which never take place, and if one here and there just happens to coincide, it is looked upon as second sight, supernatural revelation, and what not. The only wonder is, that there are not many more cases of dreams, foreshadowing events, that occur hereafter. A young man, who was at an academy a hundred miles from home, dreamt that he went to his father's house in the night, tried the front door, but found it locked; got in by a back-door, and, finding nobody out of bed, went directly to the bed-room of his parents. He then said to his mother, whom he found awake "Mother, I am going a long journey and am come to bid you good-bye." On this, she answered under much agitation, "Oh, dear son, thou art dead!" He instantly awoke, and thought no more of his dream, until, a few days after, he received a letter from his father, inquiring very anxiously after his health, in consequence of a frightful dream his mother had on the same night, on which, the dream now mentioned had occurred to him. She dreamt, that she heard some one attempt to open the front door, then go to the back-door and at last come into her bed-room. She then saw it was her son, who came to the side of her bed and said, "Mother, I am going a long journey, and am come to bid you good-bye"; on which she exclaimed, "Oh, dear son, thou art dead!" But nothing unusual happened to any of the parties. It is certainly interesting to trace the source of such a remarkable dream, but, there is no doubt that it must have originated, in some strong mental impression, which had been made on both individuals, at the same time.

During the Indian Mutiny, it is said, that several intimate relations of English Officers and friends, had strange dreams at home foretelling the death of their dear ones in India. Such cases, we have every reason to believe to be quite authentic, and by no means strange or remarkable. Let us suppose a mother in England had her son serving in the Indian army; she had just been reading in the newspapers, that a great Mutiny has broken out in India, and that the natives were bent upon killing every Englishman in the country. She would become very anxious naturally, all her thoughts would be about her only child, who she knows is in great danger, she dreams of her son being killed and his appearing to her, to bid the last farewell. She starts up with an exclamation that her son is lost. If he is all safe, the vision is no more thought of. If he is lost, the story passes as second sight.

Nothing is more interesting than to get hold of a number of instances such as these, and try to find explanations for them. We add only one other very interesting and authentic instance of the kind:—A most respectable clergyman, in a country parish of Scotland, made a

collection at his church for an object of public benevolence, in which he felt deeply interested. The amount of the collection, which was received in ladles carried through the church, fell greatly short of his expectation; and during the evening of the day, he frequently alluded to this with expressions of much disappointment. In the following night he dreamt that three one-pound notes had been left in one of the ladles, having been compressed by the money, which had been thrown in above them, that they had stuck in the corner when the ladle was emptied. He was so impressed by the vision, that at an early hour in the morning, he went to the Church, found the ladle, which he had seen in his dream, and drew from one of the corners of it, three one-pound notes. Now, let us see what explanation this remarkable case is capable of. It appears, that on the evening preceding the day of the collection, the clergyman had been amusing himself by calculating, what sum his congregation would probably contribute, and that, in doing so, he had calculated on a certain number of families, who would not give less than a pound each. Let us then suppose a particular ladle, which he knew to have been presented to three of these families, had been emptied in his presence, and found to contain no pound notes. His first feeling would be that of disappointment; but, in afterwards thinking of the subject, and connecting it with his former calculation, the possibility of the ladle not having been fully emptied might dart across his mind. This impression, which perhaps he did not himself recall, might then be embodied into the dream, which by a natural coincidence, was fulfilled.

Another class of dreams, which also presents an interesting subject of observation, includes those in which a strong propensity of character, or a strong mental emotion, is embodied into a dream, and, by some natural combination is fulfilled. A murderer, mentioned by a well known authority, had dreamt of committing a murder, some years before the event happened. Our readers will also probably recollect the dream of Eugene Aram. We are tempted to go on like this, giving a number of many apparently striking illustrations; the subject is indeed fascinating, but we must bring the article to a close. Let us, however, say a word about the strong analogy that exists between dreaming and insanity. Dr. Abercrombie defines the difference between the two states to be, that, in the latter the erroneous impression, being permanent, affects the conduct; whereas, in dreaming, no influence on the conduct is produced, because the vision is dissipated on awaking. Dr. Gregory mentions a maniac, who had been for some time under his care, and entirely recovered. For a week after his recovery, he was harassed during his dreams, by the same rapid and tumultuous thoughts, and the same violent passions, by which he had been agitated during his insanity.

We have not attempted much in the way of explanation of the phenomenon of dreaming; the mystery, which hangs over it will never be cleared. What a striking example does this afford of a phenomenon which is so familiar to us all, and yet so mysterious and far beyond man's comprehension!

About Lepers.

By Lady Benson.

AT a season when we are commemorating the birth of One who "went about doing good," and among whose many acts of Mercy the healing of Lepers took a prominent place, it will be interesting to turn our thoughts to the subject of Leprosy, and try to learn something about the condition and treatment of Lepers in India. The question is being asked:—"Why does not Government provide for the friendless and helpless lepers as it has so nobly done for the insane?" and the same people go on to say:—"The Government certainly ought to gather all the lepers into Asylums or Homes, and provide food and clothing for them. Since leprosy is such a dangerous disease, and the presence of lepers in many houses and public places is such a great peril to healthy people, the Government of India should without further delay, segregate all lepers, and put them beyond the possibility of further contact."

Before such questions and sensational statements are circulated in print as an appeal to the public on behalf of lepers, it would appear to be obvious that the persons responsible for the statements should first obtain reliable information on the subject, and be assured of their accuracy before giving them publicity; and, further, that they should also have the generosity to refer to and acknowledge the extensive help already given to lepers by the Government in their large Asylums in Calcutta, Bombay, and Madras, and elsewhere also by many municipal and private institutions, as well as by many Missionary Homes and Hospitals.

Such an omission is both misleading and mischievous, and calculated to reflect adversely on the Government, and to give an erroneous impression both in England, America, and even

among Indians themselves as to the treatment of Lepers in India.

Full information on the subject is available for all who will take the trouble to ask for it, given by medical experts after exhaustive and scientific enquiry and study. All such information will be found in the "Report of the Leprosy Commission," printed in 1892, at the Government of India Central Printing Office, 8, Hastings' Street.

The reasons why the Government of India has not insisted on the compulsory segregation of lepers are fully given in this report, a short account of which will now be given. After the death by leprosy of Father Damien in 1889, public attention was called to the subject. He had devoted himself for 16 years to the relief of the Hawaiian lepers, and contracted the dire disease himself, and died.

His martyrdom did not appeal in vain to humanity, and a Committee was at once formed in England, under the Presidency of the Prince of Wales (our present King), to consider the best way of perpetuating his memory. It was resolved to erect a memorial to Father Damien at Molo Kai; to form a fund for indigent British lepers in the United Kingdom; to endow two Leprosy Studentships; and finally to appoint an Indian Leprosy Commission. Three Commissioners were appointed by the Royal College of Physicians, the Royal College of Surgeons, and the Executive Committee of the National Leprosy Fund.

The Commissioners left London in October, 1890, and were met in Bombay by the Indian representatives of the Commission.

Great interest was shown in the work of the Commission by Their Excellencies the Viceroy of India and the Governors of Bombay and Madras, by Their Honours the Lieutenant-Governors of Bengal, the North-Western Provinces and Oudh, and the Punjab, and by the Chief Commissioners of the Central Provinces, Assam and Burma. For help in carrying out the more technical part of the work the Commission were specially indebted to Dr. Rice, Surgeon-General with the Government of India, and to Drs. Pinkerton and DeFabeck, Surgeons-General with the Governments of Bombay and Madras; as well as to the Civil Surgeons, and missionaries, throughout the country, who spared no trouble in rendering every possible assistance.

For five months the Commissioners travelled from centre to centre and from asylum to asylum, personally enquiring into the histories of as large a number of lepers as possible. Numerous places were visited, and over 2,000 lepers were personally examined, with a view to finding out certain data as to heredity, contagion and other points in connection with the cause and origin of the disease. In Bombay the Commissioners visited the Matoonga Leper Asylum, the Trombay Leper Asylum, and the Dharamsala. At Poona they examined the lepers at the David Sassoon Infirm Asylum, and the leper ward at the Yerrowda Central Prison; also two Asylums at Belgaum; also the Hospital and Central Jail at Hyderabad; also the large Asylum in Madras; and examined a collection of lepers at Conjeeveram, Trichinopoly, Tanjore, Madura, Calicut, Bangalore, Nagpur, Jubbulpore, Naini Tal and Allahabad. The Commissioners travelled to Burma, visited Rangoon, Mandalay and Moulmein, Thayetmyo and Prone. The Calcutta Leper * Asylum and the beautiful Lutheran Asylum at Purulia were visited, and also the poor house at Lucknow, and the Agra Leper Asylum, and the Asylum at Dharamsala, Tarn Taran, Sabathu (near Simla), *Babalakhan*, Burdwan, Fyzabad, Ajodhya, Dehra Dun, Darjeeling, Gya, Benares, Cawnpore, Gwalior, Aligarh, Delhi, Seshawar, *Rawalpindi*, Sialkote Jummoo, Lahore, Mooltan, Patiala, Kaptharula, Umballa, Almora and Naini Tal. This detailed list will show how extensive was the Commissioners' investigation of the disease; and as in each place the patients and their symptoms were subjected to a careful scientific examination and study—the conclusions, and practical suggestions of the Commissioners, at the close of their exhaustive enquiry into Leprosy in India, have deservedly carried weight and authority.

They stated that Leprosy is a disease by itself, and not a form of other skin diseases: that Leprosy is not diffused by hereditary transmission, and that the disease has a natural tendency to die out: that though in the scientific classification of diseases Leprosy must be regarded as contagious, and also inoculable, yet the extent to which it is propagated by these means is exceedingly small: that Leprosy is not directly originated by the use of fish or any particular article of food, nor by conditions of climate, or soil, neither does it peculiarly affect any race or caste, that Leprosy is indirectly influenced by insanitary surroundings such as poverty, bad food, deficient drainage or ventilation; for these, by causing a pre-disposition, increase the susceptibility of the individual to the disease: that Leprosy, in the great majority of cases, originates *de novo* from causes at present imperfectly known.

The Commissioners found that complete segregation of lepers has never yet been possible, and that both in the Sandwich Islands, and in Norway it has failed. For India, complete compulsory segregation may be considered to be absolutely impracticable. Neither do the conclusions given above as to the nature of the disease justify any recommendation for absolute segregation. The presence of a leper in a healthy community is a source of danger no greater than the presence of an individual suffering from

* The cost for each leper is Rs. 40 and Rs. 50 a year.

tuberculosis. Both diseases are contagious in an equal and minimal degree. The amount of ulceration which exists in both diseases is to some extent a measure of the danger of contagion.

The Commissioners advised the adoption of a voluntary isolation, as extensive as local circumstances would allow; and that, by permitting marriages among lepers, the plan suggested might be the more easily carried out. They were of opinion that the sale of articles of food and drink by lepers should be prohibited, and that they should be prohibited from following the occupations of barber and washerman, and that municipal authorities should be empowered to pass by-laws preventing vagrants suffering from loathsome diseases from begging in, or frequenting, places of public resort, or using public conveyances on the grounds that it is desirable to discourage the concentration of lepers in towns and cities, where they herd together, living under circumstances of extreme poverty and filth. Vagrant and indigent lepers living in villages, and scattered about the country, are they believed probably sources of little or no danger. Disgust, and to a certain extent fear, rarely permit their relations to the general community to be intimate, and no harm is likely to result from their soliciting alms by the roadside.

The success of a leper farm in Cyprus, and of the leper Colony in Sialkote, which is isolated in the centre of a large agricultural district, and where lepers, with their wives and families, cultivate the soil, leads to the belief that similar farms scattered over the country would be productive of practical good. Land might be granted, cheap buildings raised, seed distributed, and work supplied. The produce might partially support the colony, and a small fixed money allowance might be given, or a small bounty be paid on the produce raised by each leper. Comparatively few children would be born, and these should, if possible, be removed to Orphanages. Only a certain number of the latter would be required, as the inmates might be discharged as soon as they were old enough to support themselves. The advantages of such a method are fully illustrated in the Almora orphanages. The Commissioners found that:—"From consideration of the leper distribution according to three censuses, it is evident that the alarm about the increase of leprosy in British India is altogether groundless; in fact, that the figures available, unfortunately consisting of only three sets, point strongly to a decrease among these unfortunate people, in any case to the disease being at a standstill. Again, the number of lepers has been greatly overstated, 110,000 being perhaps nearest the truth. Leprosy cannot, therefore, be regarded in the light of an "Imperial Danger." An examination of 104 healthy persons living with lepers in Asylums, under the most favourable conditions for contracting a communicable disease, showed that only one, or possibly two, became lepers. Of 160 Lepers who emigrated from Norway to North America, not one of their descendants had contracted leprosy. Lepers have very few children. The Commissioners found that the children from 98 marriages between two lepers amounted to only 65: and that of 85 couples 55 had no children. Hence, assuming all the 65 children to live, and grow up according to these figures, 170 lepers would be replaced by 65 persons. Assuming as shown elsewhere in the Report, that 5 per cent. of the 65 children became lepers, it seems that 170 lepers would be replaced by 3 or 4 lepers; or, if the diffusion of the disease depended on heredity only, there would be an actual decrease of almost 99 per cent. in the leprous population. The Commissioners found that:—"it may fairly be concluded that marriages among lepers do not increase the risk of a diffusion of leprosy by means of the offspring, and that this to a great extent is due to the relative sterility of lepers, whether males or females. They found that under the ordinary human surroundings the amount of contagion which exists is so small that it may be disregarded, and *that no legislation is called for on the lines either of segregation, or of interdiction of marriages with lepers.*"

The Commissioners were of opinion that neither compulsory nor voluntary segregation would at present effectually stamp out the disease, or even markedly diminish the leper population, under the existing conditions of life in India. It can only be hoped that by means of improved sanitation, and good dietetic conditions, a diminution of leprosy will result. The Commission agrees with most authorities in believing that the decline of leprosy in Europe has been due principally to improved hygienic habits and surroundings, and increased material prosperity."

Is there then nothing for the philanthropist and for the public to do? Is there anything that the readers of this article can do?

Yes, assuredly. You can help those who are striving to form farm colonies, or settlements for lepers by your money, or you can send money to Leper Homes, Orphanages at Purulia, and Almora, and Mangalore, and many other places. You can cease giving money to lepers at temple festivals, where their unrestrained presence in advanced stages of the disease is a source of danger to crowds of people, who, by their poverty and weak disposition, may be already disposed to contract the disease, and send the money instead to Leper Homes and Hospitals; you can each and all help to spread the knowledge of the value of good water, pure

air, and personal cleanliness, by the diffusion of cheap literature on the subject in the vernaculars. Such literature can be purchased for a pie a page at the "Memorial Hall, Madras. Address Manager, C. L. Society."

Every thing that helps to develop India, and tends to the increased material prosperity of the people will help, it is believed, to bring about the decline of leprosy in India.

A tragedy of love and death.

GET out of my room, you ungrateful daughter. Let the devil take care of your secret promise and betrothment and all that sort of rubbish. I see you have betrayed my confidence. This secret engagement is the result of your English education. Yes, oh! yes! the undesirable fruit of the little liberty I gave you in consideration of your departed mother. Away—Begone—Out, out of my presence. You have broken my heart. In the name of God Siva, I swear you shall not marry that poor cursed Govindan. See, you shall rue this piece of disobedience. You, unfilial, accursed daughter! Begone, quit my room." Thus ended the stormy interview between the widower Krishnan and his only daughter Lakshmi, and thus began the prologue of a terrible tragedy.

Krishnan wanted Lakshmi to be married to Narayanan, who, though educated and immensely rich, was ill-looking, ill-tempered, immoral and very old. Following the time-honoured custom in Malabar, Krishnan had almost settled this affair without consulting Lakshmi. But one day, entering her father's room, she had vehemently objected to his arrangement on the ground that, long ago, she had given her heart to Govindan, who was then at Madras studying for the L.M. and S., and it was this objection that had caused Krishnan to lose his temper with her. Govindan came of a poor and humble family, hence Lakshmi's father had taken a violent dislike to him as his son-in-law. His conduct was irreproachable, his industry indefatigable, he was good-looking and he loved Lakshmi sincerely; hence, she preferred him to Narayanan by every degree of preference and loved him with all the strength of her young heart and the sincerity and vehemence of her first love. Her breaking off from Narayanan she regarded as a deliverance the most real; her joining hands with Govindan she regarded as a blessing the most substantial.

In spite of Krishna's reproaching her bitterly and upbraiding her in immeasured language, in spite of his swearing by Siva, Lakshmi hoped against hope. Hope generally dies hard and with lovers it dies harder still, and she hoped and believed that her lover would get through his examination with credit and would one day be able to marry her and that hope and belief kept her alive. After the bitter parting she expected a triumphant meeting. She waited and her waiting seemed long, the time rolled by day after day, month after month and at last she heard the welcome news of her lover's success. She was extremely delighted. She was thankful that to her anxiety of expectation, God did not add the pain of disappointment. She enjoyed the anticipated pleasure and the satisfaction of hope realised. Krishnan, however, was sadly disappointed and his disappointment was in increase ratio to her pleasure.

"Lakshmi," said Krishnan, entering her room one day not long after Govindan's success, "read this letter and see for yourself that even God is against your match with Govindan." With trembling hands, Lakshmi received the letter and by the superscription she knew it to be from Govindan's uncle Raman to her father. Before she finished reading it, she fell flat on the ground in a swoon; and no wonder, for the letter ran thus:—"I am extremely sorry to inform you that my nephew Govindan died of cholera last week at Tanjore, whither, it appears, he was sent on special duty. The two items of parambas mortgaged to you by him, preparatory to his going to Madras for his studies, I mean to redeem." When Lakshmi recovered, her father continued "Your ideal Govindan is now dead. I shall pardon and forget your past disobedience. Like a good girl and dutiful child raise no objection now. Your marriage with Narayanan will take place in a fortnight. Be prepared for it."

Poor Lakshmi! she little suspected her father. She read and re-read that letter, looked at its postmark and its date. So, there was no doubt about it. Her Govindan was dead! That was "the most unkindest cut of all." It pierced her heart. Her last and lingering hope was gone! "Better to be united in death than parted in life," thought she. The blow was too severe for her to hear. She preferred death to Narayanan. In a week she became dangerously ill and the Doctors gave up her case as hopeless—she had both day and night one word and only one word on her lips—the name of her lover.

To speak the truth, the strange letter referred to above was one forged by Krishnan, a passed master in the art of forgery. To convince Lakshmi of its genuineness and to remove all

possible doubt, Krishnan, in addition to the successful imitation of Raman's handwriting, had taken the precaution of enclosing it in a cover, which he had got from Raman on the day he presented the letter to Lakshmi. That cover bore the postmark of the place where Raman lived. The letter was forged soon after he had heard of Govindan's success and he awaited a letter from Raman merely to make use of its cover, and a treacherous use he turned that cover to. To give Krishnan his due, it must be stated that he acted with the best of intentions. He firmly believed that he would be doing good to his daughter by getting her married to Narayanan. Lakshmi's words to her father during their last interview had been "as long as my Govindan is alive, I shall not marry anyone else—and should you still persist in Narayanan, I shall see how death can help me." Krishnan had on many an occasion before known to his discomfiture and surprise that though young in years Lakshmi was strong-willed beyond her age, and that she had too much sense to allow force to bear upon her in this all-important matter. Further, there was no fear of any letter from Govindan, or for the matter of that, from Raman reaching her; the rigidly observed custom in Malabar and Krishnan's influence with the postman were sufficient to remove his apprehensions on this point. What with sound reasoning and fair means he failed to achieve, by forgery and foul means he attempted to accomplish. Influenced, no doubt, by the maxim, that the end justifies the means, he resorted to this dangerous plan and he was destined to see its miserable end. That his plan could be a failure Krishnan had never thought; that his proposal could have such a deleterious effect on his daughter had never entered his fertile imagination. But in the eleventh hour he had his eyes opened and he found out his mistake. To do the unwilling deed, he was driven by sheer necessity; and, to save his daughter's life, he now turned to Govindan and an urgent telegram was despatched to Tanjore.

* * * *

"My dear Lakshmi! my love! my life! my darling! speak to me, to your dear Govind! I am here by your bedside, not dead but alive. Pray, speak to me, to your dear Govindan, one word, a single word. Look at me. Open your sweet eyes! I am true to you, my love. I have come to redeem my promise. Oh, do open your eyes." In such words Govindan attempted to wake Lakshmi to consciousness. He spoke long and wildly and she turned a little in her bed. With an effort, she raised her eyelids and looked straight into his eyes. Ah! What a sight! Soon she closed them again and, alas, for ever.

On whom but Lakshmi's father does the sin of causing her untimely death lie? What is there in money that it should be preferred to every other good qualification? Why should the long misery of our sisters and daughters be caused by such sordid considerations? Alas! Why?

K. M. ACHYUTHAN.

Among the Wicklow Hills.

(BY C. J. H.)

CHAPTER I.

"A southerly wind and a cloudy sky
Had proclaimed it a hunting morning!"

Yes! there was no doubt about it.

Everything had gone well when the famous Ballymore Hunt met at Glassbeigh Cross Roads on the 30th November.

The Master, old Jack Harvey, in spite of his seventy-six years, was in his best and cheeriest form, his two daughters were out, and his grandson on his grey pony. And there was Lady Florence Popham, who never shirked a ditch in her life, and there was also a new member of the Hunt from a distant part of the country, Mr. Gerald Kingcote, a tall man of thirty-five, mounted on a black horse, who showed the way over many a bad fence. "He rides like the devil," was the remark of Larry, the huntsman, "More power to him! We want a few like him."

And now the run was over, over furze-covered fields and marshy ground—over stones and bog—through woods and plantations—the fox had taken his way, and had been finally run to earth just as the sun went down and the wind blew chill from the north-east.

The country road, which had been filled with many a crazy jaunting car and two-wheeled trap filled with ladies or children anxious to see what they could of the Hunt, was now deserted. Everyone seemed glad to turn towards home.

"I say, Kingcote," exclaimed a loud, cheery voice, "you've a long way before you, close on fifteen mile. Better come in with me, man, and have a bit to eat and a drop of the crather."

"No, thanks, I'd better push on. It'll be dark night before I get home as it is."

"What matter? You haven't a wife waiting for you. I wonder you don't get one, it must be lonesome work all by yourself at Wolfhill, five miles from anywhere."

"I don't mind being lonesome, I like it."

"You're a queer chap, always were! Well, good evening, t'ye. That's a good-looking nag

you're on, carried you well to-day, and she doesn't seem a penny the worse for it, either!"

Kingcote stroked the glossy neck of Black Beauty, as he answered.

"Not she! She's game for another twenty miles run, aren't you, old girl! Hope we'll have many a one before Christmas. Good evening, Kelly. The fog is gathering fast. Off we go!"

Black Beauty responded by an upward movement of her well-shaped head, and the next minute she and her rider were speeding onward in the fog that was mounting up from the river and swallowing everything—hills, woods, distant bogs — in its grey shroud-like embrace.

He had ridden for about twelve miles, when his attention was arrested by a noise which seemed to come from a high hedge. The hedge was near the meeting of three cross roads, and there was a battered milestone close by. Kingcote glanced up to see if the noise was caused by an owl or a bat up in one of the over-arching trees. No, it seemed more like someone crying. There it was again, more distinct this time; yes, it certainly was a sort of helpless sob for help. The fog was now so thick that Kingcote could barely see his hand before him. He reined in Black Beauty, and cried out in his strong, clear voice, which sounded almost startling in the solemn weird darkness of the solitary road.

"Is there anyone there?"

A silence, and then the feeble wailing cry, "Yes, here I am!"

"And who on earth are you?" asked Kingcote, coming nearer to the spot from which the voice was coming.

"I—I went out to look at the hunt, and I lost my way coming back. I couldn't get through the furze and the heather as fast as the others, who were on in front, did, and, I hurt my foot and lost my shoe. I just managed to get down on this road, but I don't the least know where I am, nor what I am to do."

The voice died down at the end into a pitiful wail. Tears seemed to be in it, and Kingcote had a man's horror of hearing a woman cry. The sound awoke all the innate chivalry of his nature. Yes, the unknown was crying, as she had been doing when he heard her first.

He came nearer, still holding his horse's bridle.

"What do you want to do? Where do you live?"

"Not far from Rathcrogue Station."

"And you want to get there?"

"Oh, if I only could!"

Kingcote now struck a match, which feebly illuminated the surrounding darkness. Crouched by the side of the hedge, he now saw a girl who might be about twenty-two; her flat blue motor-cap was hanging at the back of her head, and a mass of dark brown hair framed a small oval face, from which looked out two large, piteous appealing eyes, full of tears. Kingcote involuntarily put out his hand. The girl was evidently a lady, her voice was low, clear and refined, her coat and skirt were well-cut, and of fine material, her hands were small and delicate, and on one of her fingers sparkled a valuable diamond ring.

"Some tramp might murder her for that ring," thought Kingcote, "it is dangerous for her to be here. I can't leave her. I must put her on her way, though hang me if I know how I can do it!"

"Do you think you can walk at all?" he asked.

"I—I don't know. I don't think I can. I'll try!"

He gave her his hand, and she stood upright, taller than he expected, slim and graceful. She fastened on her cap, and glanced down depreciatingly at her shoeless little foot, with its torn stocking.

"I spent ever so long looking for my shoe, but I—I couldn't find it," she said, blushing.

"I don't see how you can walk," said Kingcote gruffly, "on the hard road without your shoe. Besides we're over six miles from Rathcrogue Station."

"Six miles! Are we really? Oh, what shall I do?"

"I'm just thinking about that," answered Kingcote.

"Oh, then you are not going to leave me. I am so glad!"

Her voice trembled, there was a sob of appeal in it.

Kingcote felt a thrill of pleasure at her words. He liked to know that he was necessary to her, that she was leaning on him for help. The pale crescent moon was now peeping over the poplar trees, and he had a better view of her face. Though very pale and terrified, there was character in her firm chin and in the expression of her lips.

She was not a weak feeble chit, she was a woman strong to feel and to do when occasion called. This made her now enforced helplessness more attractive. As Kingcote looked at her he knew that his fate was before him. Never, during the thirty-five years of his life, had he been so strongly drawn to anyone as he was towards this strange girl.

"I shall not be far from Rathcrogue Station on my way home," he said softly. "Can you get up on my saddle, and I will walk beside you."

He put the right-hand stirrup across his saddle, and then lifted her up. Though rather tall, she was light, and she seemed like a feather in Kingcote's strong arms. As they went along the lonely country road, she sometimes slipped,

for she did not find it easy to stick on a man's saddle, and he did not find it easy to walk in his thin top boots. And to make matters worse, in the fog they missed the right turn, and had to turn back, so that it was past seven when they approached the little railway station.

"You will be in time for the quarter to eight train," said Kingcote, taking out his watch.

"Yes, thank you so very much. What should I have done without you?"

"You will let me come and see you," said Kingcote in a low voice, fully expecting her to say "yes."

"No!" Softly, yet very decidedly, she spoke.

"No! But I want to come, I must come."

"No!" she repeated again more firmly than before. "Please put me down now, I am able to walk a few steps, even without my shoe."

"But I want to know where you live," persisted Kingcote, as he walked beside her, holding her arm. "Here is my card. I may know whom I have had the pleasure of meeting, mayn't I?" he asked with an earnest glance into the downcast face persistently turned away from him.

"No!" was again the answer.

"Won't you let me see you home. You can go by train if you will, and I will ride. Won't you?"

"No certainly not."

"May I not even call to inquire how you are after all you have gone through this evening?"

"No!"

As Kingcote stood, thunderstruck at these repeated refusals, she cried, "There I see the train is coming. I shall just have time to catch it. You can't leave your horse. Good-bye, and thank you so very much for all you have done for me."

She disappeared into the station, and the next minute the train was whirling on through the tunnel, leaving the country road as still as death.

She was gone—without a trace, without a hint of where she came from!

Kingcote inquired from the stationmaster who the unknown was, but he could hear nothing satisfactory. She had come into his solitary life like a flash of light, and like a flash of light she had gone out of it. Should he ever met her again? All his efforts were fruitless. All his inquiries were met with a blank stare of astonishment.

And always, night and day, rang in his ears that fatal word "No!"

Was it always to be "No!"

CHAPTER II.

More than a fortnight had passed away, and still Gerald Kingcote's efforts to discover the fair unknown were unsuccessful. Sometimes his questions were met by a laugh, sometimes by a knowing wink, as though he had been the victim of some illusion on that foggy November evening.

"If I didn't know you were as sober as a Judge, my boy," remarked Mr. Kelly, of Boghall, "I'd say you'd had a drop too much, but I know you wouldn't come up the avenue, though I pressed you hard. You must have seen a Jack o' Lanthorn, or something that way."

Kingcote began to wonder if the whole thing had been a strange illusion, but when he remembered the clinging clasp of the stranger's hand in his, and the earnest look of her lovely eyes, he felt convinced that the vision was indeed a reality.

It wanted but three days to Christmas when he found himself riding on the road that led to Rathcrogue Station, and he remembered that the girl had told him she lived "not far off."

Surely, he might be able to find some trace of her. There was no one about except an old bent man breaking stones on the road. It would be impossible to get much information out of him, so Kingcote rode on further. It was a glorious day, the sun bright and warm, and the air more like April than December. The rounded hills were soft with pale blue mist—the colour of smoke—they spread along the horizon in a waving line, with two or three sharp peaks rising in the distance like tall cones. They soothed the eye with a sense of infinite peace, of boundless calm and rest. Down below stretched the wide expanse of sea, slate grey under the sunny blue sky, which was only faintly flecked with thin white clouds. At the sight of the sea, Kingcote felt an unconquerable impulse to go down towards it. He knew that by the shore was a long stretch of sand, known as "The Silver Strand." It would do Black Beauty and himself both good to have a good gallop there. So he turned her head down hill. Less than half an hour would bring them to the sea road. A sandy lane, or rather track, led down to the "Silver Strand." Skirting round a projecting headland, and following a narrow path under it, which was so sandy that Beauty's fetlocks sank deep into it, Kingcote saw before him nothing but sea, pearl-grey now, the white-edged waves plashing on the smooth sand and eddying here and there round an upstanding rock, covered with tangles of yellow and brown seaweed. On the land side was a high bank of sand which grew higher and higher. Kingcote remembered that he had heard that there were caves here; large spacious caves that extended far back, and had once been used by smugglers to store their kegs of brandy and French silk. A short gallop brought him to a place where the

sand bank was fully forty feet high, and here he saw a few openings which looked like the entrances to caves. Everything was silent, except for the plashing of the waves. Suddenly a little black and white fox terrier ran out and began barking furiously. The dog seemed to come from a sheltered nook, where a striped railway rug was lying spread out on the sand, with an open book lying beside it. And suddenly Kingcote caught a glimpse of a blue motor-cap! Could he have come, by some happy chance, on the track of the fair unknown? In a minute he had dismounted, and was standing face to face with her. A flush of annoyance rose to her cheeks as he cried:

"It is you! I have found you at last!"

"I wish you hadn't," she exclaimed sharply. "I told you expressly not to come."

"I obeyed you," he answered meekly. "I had not the smallest idea that I should find you here. I suppose you have only come for an hour to enjoy the sea breeze this lovely afternoon."

She looked straight up at him through her long black eyelashes.

"You are wrong," she answered. "I am living here at present."

"You! Living here! By yourself—impossible!"

"I am living here. Not quite by myself," she answered. Then after a pause, she continued. "As you have made me out, I suppose I must tell you everything, but you must promise faithfully not to betray me."

"Betray you! How can you think I should do such a thing?"

"Promise on your honour never to tell anyone that you have seen me, that you know where I am, or anything about me."

"I promise by all that is sacred!"

"Very well, I believe I can trust you. Sit down here on the rug beside me, you can fasten up your horse to that rock over there, and I will tell you everything."

He took the place she pointed out, and fixed his eyes eagerly on her.

How sweet, how graceful, how charming she was in every look and movement. He had never believed there was any woman like her. She began at first rather slowly, with her eyes cast down and her fingers playing with the ears of the little fox-terrier on her lap.

"My name," she said, "is Sheilagh Moran."

"Ah!—I am glad to know that. Have I heard it before?"

"You may have done so, for I was born at our old home, Lugduff, twelve miles or so from this. I was quite a child when we left it to go to France, and there I was educated at a convent school. After my mother's death we came back to Ireland, not here, but to Belfast, and then to Londonderry. We got back to Lugduff about a month ago, it is a lonely farm high up among the hills. You know it, perhaps."

"Yes. I know it."

"My father went to a political meeting," continued Sheilagh, "and there he had words with another man called Hayes. Just before he left, a cousin of ours asked my father for a loan of his revolver; he lent it, and then drove home. About seven o'clock the news was brought to us that Hayes had been shot through the heart, and that my father's revolver was lying beside him. My father is an old man—you will see him presently—and his nerves were terribly shaken. He kept saying that he would be tried for murder, and that he should not be able to prove his innocence. It was impossible to prove it, and we both guessed who the guilty person was—our cousin who had borrowed the revolver. The best thing was to try and get my poor father away, and the idea occurred to me that we might conceal ourselves in these caves until the danger was past. I had seen the caves long ago, and was fascinated by them. No one would dream of looking for us here, so I collected a few necessary things, an oil stove, blankets, mattresses, and so on, and in the grey of the early morning we drove here, and here we have been ever since! Our old servant, Andy, sometimes brings us things we want. He is the only one who knows where we are. That day of the Hunt I had to go to the town for some groceries, and when I heard the hounds I couldn't help following the other people for a little way. Then I was given a lift on a car. When I was put down I lost my way in the heather, the fog came on, and you know the rest. And now make haste and go, the tide is coming in, and you will not be able to pass the point." Her eyes glanced towards the headland; the narrow strip of sand by which Kingcote had ridden half an hour ago, was quite covered by the tide, which was sweeping in with relentless force.

"You see," he said with a smile, "it is too late, I can't go, I am shut in here."

"Yes, I see! It is spring tide, too. How unfortunate!"

"Not at all unfortunate," he answered, "since it will oblige you to keep me some hours longer. It is getting dusk, and that is a dangerous corner, I know. Isn't there another cave where I and Black Beauty can stay for the night. I have a feed of oats for her, and she can lie by my side, as she has often done."

"There is another cave, of course," she answered, "lots of them—one over there, large enough to hold ten horses. Try it, and I will bring you something to lie down on. But I don't know what I shall do for supper. Can you eat fish? We almost live on it now."

"Anything. I don't care what it is. But there is someone calling you from the cave. Didn't you say your name was Sheilagh? It is a beautiful name, and so uncommon."

"Yes, it is my name, and that is my father calling me. I must tell him who you are." Kingcote saw a tall white-bearded old man at the door of the cave, who started at the sight of a stranger, but was soon reassured by his daughter. The cave was large and spacious, with long passages here and there. As the three sat round the sea-weed fire, the roaring of the waves in their ears, they began to get confidential, and to talk of a way of escape from this sea-bound refuge.

When they parted next morning, the wet sand was glistening in the gleam of the early sunbeams, the sea was illumined.

"Well, good-bye," said Kingcote, as he rode away, "and remember, I am coming back to spend Christmas Day with you and your father."

"But what shall we do about dinner?" asked Sheilagh.

"Never mind. I'll bring the dinner with me, and we can cook it in the oil stove you have in your cave. It will be like playing at savages. How we shall enjoy it!"

CHAPTER III.

True to his word, Kingcote did appear at twelve o'clock on Christmas Day, bringing a hamper with him.

"I sent away the boy just before I came to the headland at Dick's Hole," he said, in answer to Sheilagh's inquiring glance. "So there's no fear."

"And now for our cooking operations."

He pulled out first a goose, ready stuffed, next a big plum pudding, which had been boiled over-night, then potatoes, almonds and raisins, and last of all, a bottle of liqueur made from cherries, according to an old family recipe.

"Now, I think, we are made up!" he said, watching Sheilagh's look of satisfaction, as the various parcels were laid out on the sand before the entrance to the cave.

"Oh, indeed we are!" she exclaimed; "how good, how thoughtful of you to have remembered so many things. Have you a sister at home?" she asked, glancing shyly at him.

"No. No one but an old housekeeper, who has been with our people for forty years. People are always telling me that I ought to get married."

"And why don't you?" with an upward glance through her dark eye-lashes.

"Until three weeks ago, I never saw anyone I fancied."

"How strange!" She blushed as she spoke, and Kingcote became deeper in love with her every minute. How dainty she looked in her neat, white, woollen jersey, with a bow of coloured ribbon under her white throat! And what pretty glints of red and gold the sun brought out in her brown hair. She was just the woman Kingcote had been waiting for all his life, and he was thirty-five on the last day of the year. She seemed to have just taken up her abode in a corner of his heart, and to have found a home there. That Christmas dinner in the cave, with the waves booming outside, not ten feet away, was a very bright, merry affair. Even Mr. Moran roused himself from his usual despondency and talked and laughed with the other two, as they cracked walnuts after dinner, with the help of a large stone. And then they watched the sea from the entrance of the cave.

"You are a first-rate conspirator, Miss Sheilagh," said Kingcote.

"Why—why do you say that?"

"Why, to have found this shelter, and never to have been discovered. Only for your dog I doubt if I should have found you."

"Ah, naughty little Yap," she cried. "Why did you betray me?"

"Are you sorry then that I made you out, Miss Sheilagh?"

She looked up for a minute. "Honestly, I can't say I am, Mr. Kingcote. You have been so awfully good to us."

"And I mean to be even better. Are you in no danger," he continued in a low voice, "from people giving information to the coast-guard of your father's whereabouts."

"I am in mortal dread of it," she answered. "I think one or two of the coastguards have a notion that we are here, for I am sure they look suspicious when I meet them, but they are always civil."

"There is a way of escape. I told you something about it the other evening. Now I know that a schooner will be passing this spot early to-morrow morning on the way to Cork. I have seen the skipper, he will take us on board. All we have to do is to signal to him. I have hired a boat, and your faithful Andy will bring it up close to the shore; we can row over to the schooner, get on board, and at Queenstown we can pick up one of the American liners, and be off to New York."

"That would be delightful," she cried. "But you say, 'we.' Do you mean that you will come too."

"Of course, I have always wanted to visit America. This is too good an opportunity to be lost. And Sheilagh, don't you think I could be of some use to you?"

"To be sure, you can. You always seem to be of use," she said, dropping her eyelashes on her smooth cheeks.

"It would make things easier, Sheilagh, for you and I, and all three of us, if you were to marry me before we started."

"How do you mean?" she asked, glancing round the dark cave.

"I mean when we get to Queenstown."

"We'll see about it," answered Sheilagh. "It is all so sudden. I have not had time to think."

"You don't want to think," said Kingcote. "Don't you care for me, dear? Just a little? I have loved you ever since I heard you crying in that hawthorn hedge. Ever since I lifted you into my saddle, three short weeks ago."

"Ah, go away; get out of that!" she cried. "I don't want to remember that I was such a fool. But," a little shyly, "I believe it is the same with me as with you. You have made me love you."

Kingcote took her in his arms, and kissed those dark eyelashes, which lay on the rose cheeks so bewitchingly. She was his own now, for had she not told him she loved him? What a Christmas this was to them! They parted, he to his cave, and she to hers, until the first grey of morning began to brighten up the wide-heaving sea. She was soon ready, and with her father beside her, was standing at the door of the cave. The plashing of oars announced the arrival ot the boat, rowed by faithful Andy. Sheilagh and her father were helped in, and then Kingcote took his place at the other oar. The schooner presently came in sight, and the three were taken on board of her. The white sails quivered. Again, the graceful schooner was on its course southwards, and the grey hills of Wicklow gradually disappeared from sight. So ended that eventful Christmas. Sheilagh became Kingcote's wife, and a few weeks later her father was cleared from suspicion, as the real murderer confessed his crime.

A Mother's Sacrifice.

AN INDIAN STORY (*Illustrated*).

THE widow sat on the bare *maidan*, like Hagar of old, with her arm round her little child. Her name was *Santi*, or Peace, but she was far from feeling peaceful. Indeed her heart was seething with sorrow, with rage, and with helpless despair. What was she to do? Where was she to go? She had just left for ever, with bitter spurning, the only home she could lay the slightest claim to. It had been her husband's home. It was now her mother-in-law's. It had sheltered her own head for years. Ought she to have left it? Ought she not, for the sake of her child, borne more patiently with all the humiliations heaped on her? No! oh, no! What! was she to do the menial office she had been asked to do? Not for the whole world. Thus, for one moment, rage, and for another moment, fearful repentance, would overwhelm her.

And she was so helpless, so absolutely helpless. What was she, a poor widow, to do? There was the child to consider above all things. If she went back to her old home, even the little one would be slighted and made to do menial offices. This Santi could not bear. Neither could she do any work in her native town. Who would employ her, where she was so well-known and where she had been so honoured? They would simply be afraid to take her? The best thing for her would be to go away to another town and work. But where was the money for the train? She could walk. But what about the child? How to expose such a delicately brought-up girl to the inclemency of the cold weather.

For a long time, Santi sat there, wild-eyed and wild-hearted. Then she rose and began to walk along the road towards the village. The twilight was just falling. It would soon be dark. A vague idea had entered her head, to go to some European lady's house and beg for shelter for the night. And she was so bewildered that she did not notice that she was walking away from the European quarter. Neither did she notice the beauty of the evening scene. The sun was setting and a soft glow was over the whole land. Herds of lowing cows were being driven home. The crows were cawing themselves to rest. The birds were twittering their evening farewell. On either side of the road, the green fields were beginning to take on the dark indefinite tint of night. The labourers were just going home, for it was harvest time and they had been working the whole day. On all sides, subdued chattering and conversation filled her ears.

Suddenly, as she turned a corner of the road, she saw a small field, full of laughing, talking women, doing up the last sheaves before going home. They were all low-caste people, but how happy they were! What a difference between them and herself? What was the use of caste? All at once, a wild idea entered her head. Why not keep her child with one of them for one or two years, work and come back to claim her. Her child would lose caste. Never mind. At any rate, she would have a home over her head and be safe. We may be inclined to blame Santi for what she did, but we must remember that she

was like a mad woman and thought she was doing her best for the child.

She turned off the road, and went up to one of the women, who stood a little apart, not talking much, but quietly joining in the hilarity. She had a nice quiet face. Her hair was all towsled, her cloth was dirty and ragged, but her expression was pleasant. Santi went up to her.

"Would you like to have a child?"

The other woman stared at her with wide, big, staring eyes. Was this creature mad?

"No, no, I mean it," continued Santi, "I am a Brahmin woman. This is a Brahmin child. Keep her for two years as your own child and then I shall come and take her back."

The other woman now woke up in earnest, and began to bargain, as only a low-caste woman can bargain.

"Keep the child for two years and then give it back? Not I. What about the feeding? Where is the gain for me. If you give it to me, I shall keep it always, and you will have no claim on it.

By this time, the other women had gathered round and jocular remarks were flying about. Santi had hard work to keep her agony-convulsed countenance calm. What, give up her child for ever? How could she do that?

For a few long minutes, she stood quiet. Then, some wild compromise seemed to settle itself in her mind. Perhaps, she could earn a great deal of money, and buy the child back from the woman. The future could settle that. But for the present, let the child be safe.

"Will you take of her? Will you look after her as your own child?" she choked.

The other woman held out her arms with longing affection; and the child, attracted by some beads she was wearing, flew into them, and the low-caste woman held her tightly. "I am childless," she said simply. "I want a child."

Santi was satisfied. She turned away. One choking cry, one wild kiss, one last longing look, and mother and child were separated.

. . . .

Two years have passed. A woman is walking swiftly through the *Paracheri*, or low-caste quarter of the same village of R——. She forms quite a contrast to the women standing around, and many are the curious eyes which follow her. She is, in fact, a Brahmin widow, in the widow's garb, with head veiled in the customary coarse white cloth. But, is she not familiar to us? Yes, she is, for she is our Santi, but quite different to what we have known of her. Self-possessed, majestic, she seems now a woman who knows the world. But there is a yearning, longing look in her eyes, which is intensified as she passes up the street. Swiftly she glances around. At last she sees a group of children. One of them is having bangles put on by the bangle-man. Santi chokes the cry which rises to her lips and holds down her arms, which fain would gather up the child in their embrace. For this is Santi's child, the one whom she had given away two years ago. Oh! how the woman's heart yearns over her. But the longing is useless, for the child will not be given up, no, not even for a large bribe.

. . . .

Thus, every two years, poor Santi pays a visit to R—to see her daughter. Each time she stays only about a few days. But now she has taken a much longer holiday from the Widows' Home where she has been fortunate enough to get work. For this is her seventh visit, and Santi's daughter, who is called Menakshi, is now about fifteen years old. And Santi is very anxious, for there is a rumour that Menakshi is to be married, and that, of course, to a low-caste man. What is Santi to do? How is she to get back her child? She cannot divulge the fact that she is her mother, for she is under a promise not to do so, and she is an honourable woman. She cannot take away the girl, for she is not to claim her. How is she to get out of the dilemma?

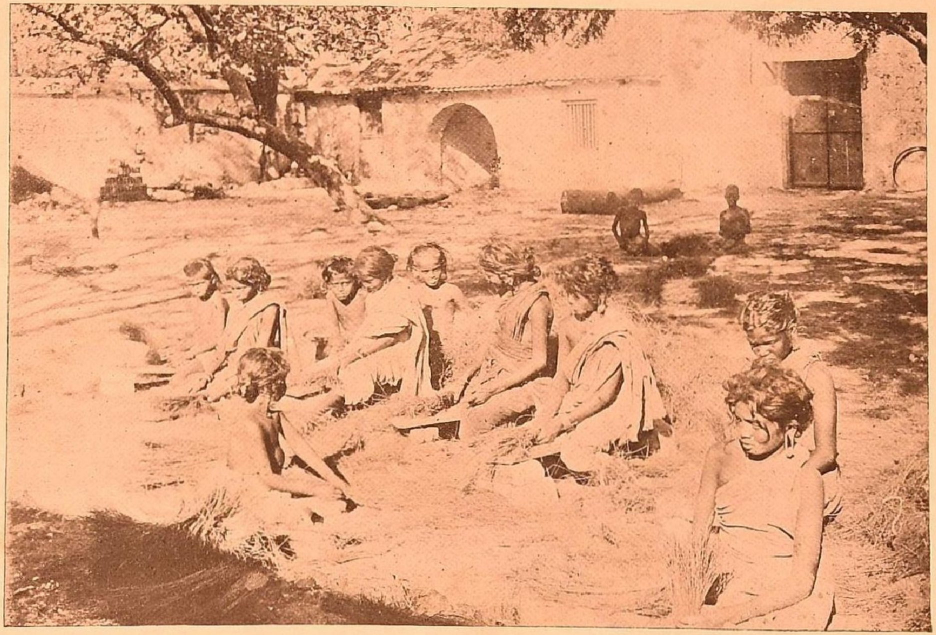
. . . .

It is night. The Maidan is bathed in the silvery light of a lovely moon. All is silent around, except for the croak of the frogs, and the chirp of the crickets, and the thousand and one little noises of the night, which but accentuate its silence. In the midst of the *Maidan* is a well, where the village folk draw the water. Near it, the rope and bucket are lying idle. There is no one about. But, hush! Who is this coming up the *Maidan*? Is it a spirit? It looks like the fabled version of a ghost, for it is a tall, willowy figure, gliding swiftly up. But no, it is a woman, and looking closer, it is Menakshi, the daughter of Santi. And Menakshi is a wonder, for she is a lovely girl, with a beautiful fair face, with wide placid eyes, under a calm brow and a sweet flexible mouth, full of soft curves. She is quite a queen in her *Paracheri*, for where is the woman to be compared to her? Many are jealous of her, but many also adore her, and Menakshi is happy in her own way, except for some longings, which cannot be stifled in her heart.

But, what is Menakshi doing here in the dead of night. How she would be misunderstood, if she were but seen. But she is come on no nefarious purpose. She is only come to pray. She walks up to a tall tree, under which we see a large stone, with a wide image set up on one side of it. On the stone are smears of saffron. There are flowers before the image. It is the village idol. Menakshi clasps her hands and prays aloud: "O mother, deliver me from this trouble. I cannot marry this man, it is death to me." The tears are running down the girl's face, she is in terrible earnest, so much so, in

The widow sat on the bare *Maidan*, like Hagar of old with her arm round her child.

At last, she sees a group of children. One of them is having bangles put on by the bangle-man.



She saw a Field full of Laughing, Chattering Women.

fact, that it seems as if the goddess herself is coming in person to answer her. For there is a draped woman coming round the well and addressing the girl. Menakshi gives a start, but soon composes herself, for this is none other than the strange Brahmin widow, who has taken such an unaccountable interest in her ever since she could remember. It is indeed our Santi, who knows the habits of the girl and has seen her coming sometimes to the image in the nights.

"What is the matter, Menakshi? Why are you weeping?"

Then out comes the trouble. In a few days more, Menakshi is to be married to a man whom she hates.

"But, why do you hate him? He has some money. He is the best man in the *Paracheri*. Besides, you have no business to pick and choose for yourself."

"Oh, Amma! that is true, but I cannot bear this man. I cannot indeed bear any of these men," and the girl gives a shudder.

Santi's heart bounds with fierce pleasure. Here was Brahmin blood showing itself.

"Come to-morrow, daughter, to the well, and you will have an answer to your prayer."

The next night, Menakshi again presents herself. There is no Brahmin widow this time. But a voice answers her from somewhere near. "Marriage alone can save you."

"Marriage, marriage," cries the girl with bitter anger. "I had rather kill myself. I will not marry this man. To-morrow will see the end." And swiftly and angrily she walks away.

A minute after, two figures emerge from behind the trees, Santi and a man.

"Did you see her?" the woman eagerly asks; "Did you like her?"

"See her, like her!", the man exclaims. "Why, she is a goddess, she is like a queen. I must have her."

"But what about her caste?"

"Oh, we shall have her purified."

Santi is satisfied. Here is a way out of her difficulties. "How are you to manage to get her. What will you do?"

"Leave it to me," said the man quietly. "I will do it."

The next night, after taking a surreptitious farewell of the place, where she has lived so long, and of the people who have been so kind to her, Menakshi comes to the well, fully determined to drown herself. But here a surprise awaits her. For here a man meets her, a man whom the moon shows to be fair and handsome. "The goddess has sent me," said the man. "Did she not tell you that marriage alone will save you. Marry me."

"But, who are you," Menakshi exclaims, hardly daring to lift her eyes to his.

"I am your friend's friend," he said, drawing forward the unresisting Santi. Menakshi's fear quiets down after this. And, though she hardly dares to think of it, she likes even the first sight of this man; he is so quiet, so determined, so masterful, just her ideal. But she has many objections to the scheme.

"How am I to leave my mother? She will die of grief."

"Were you not intending to leave her by death? You marry me, and we shall tell them all afterwards."

What need to say more. There is a stolen wedding in a small Hindu temple. After this, recriminations ensue. But, no harm can be done now. Menakshi is safely married. And she is told who her real mother is. The girl feels very happy indeed, but she will never forget her kind foster-mother, nor the people among whom she lived.

PADMINI.

Editorial Notes.

The Ideal woman.

In the *Christian College Magazine*, is a very interesting paper on *The two Ideals of Woman* taken from the late "Thillai Govindan's Miscellany." And, as the sentiments are so much in accord with ours, I propose to quote largely from the article:

"Every *he*," says Thillai Govindan, "in the Universe has his own peculiar ideal of 'that not impossible *she*,' and no two of these countless ideals will be found to agree exactly, the frequent quarrels of two or more he's over one she notwithstanding. But it is easy to classify these ideals with considerable definiteness, so as to secure facility of recognition, according to the nationalities to which the individuals holding them belong, excepting, of course, those far behind or far ahead of the times. Like other human conceptions, these ideals are subject to the law of evolution; but, as they concern directly the most vital interests of man and embody some of his deepest likes and dislikes, they may be described as almost a subtle, unconscious instinct in him, and do not change either violently or frequently. Further, so closely connected are these conceptions with the state of general civilisation in all communities, that some eminent sociologists have regarded them as valuable

water-marks by which to judge the level attained by any civilisation."

He proposes to contrast two different ideals of womanhood, the English and the Indian, and distinguishes three distinct stages in each, *viz.*, the Ancient, the Mediæval and the Modern.

"The present-day efforts to emancipate woman and place her on an even pedestal with man politically are but the vibrations of the mighty stir in men's opinions and thoughts which occurred about the middle of the nineteenth century; and that these efforts still remain to be crowned with success is a sufficient indication that the ideal they aim at realising is in advance of the ideal of the majority. It is that ideal which alone I intend to consider here and contrast with the corresponding Indian picture. It must first be remembered that marriage is not a necessity to either man or woman in England; among us, on the other hand, most men and almost all women marry as a matter of course, or rather, are married by their parents or other relatives, and our marriage is, unlike the English one, practically indissoluble; secondly, female education is well advanced in England, especially among the middle and the higher classes, whereas it is yet in its primitive stage even among the highest classes in India; and lastly, it is not considered *infra dig.* in England for a lady to earn her livelihood or to engage in any charitable concern entailing some sort of physical or mental work." He then proceeds to draw us a picture of the English lady, with which we are more or less familiar.

"Turn we now to the corresponding Indian picture we are more familiar with. Let but the reader recall to memory his sensations and feelings when he was within an English church and at the threshold of a Hindu shrine—the high and stately proportions and well-lighted airiness of the one, and the dark and dingy closeness and stifling vapours of the other. Christian and heathen can alike step into the church and admire the noble and magnificent edifice or breathe a humble prayer; but into the Hindu tabernacle, none save the priest can enter, and often doth he sigh within its walls for the wholesome air and bright light of heaven. Much respect is indeed shewn outwardly to the lifeless image, both when it is within its sanctuary, and when it is carried without, but it has no feelings or wishes of its own and is always at the will and pleasure of the priest. As the contrast between the Church and the Temple, so are some of the differences between an English lady and her Indian sister.

"Let us, however, look at our own ideal a little more closely: 'What is there in the universe nobler than woman,' asks a Tamil sage, 'if indeed she be endowed with chastity'? and perfect purity in thought, word and deed is the first quality we expect in woman. We give this virtue greater prominence than any other nation in the world and among the laws of modern peoples, our code is unique in imposing a severe penal sentence on any crime against it. We are very jealous and suspicious in temperament and can never forgive wifely infidelity; and nothing will bring out more strikingly and forcibly the brute and the despot within the most polished of us, than such a suspicion. Our women as a class are purer than, perhaps, any other women in the world and we are very proud of it. But we forget that we have attained this high level of purity by keeping the water in a state of stagnation and maintaining the closest watch and ward over the embankments, rigorously shutting out all outside communications and jealously guarding the precious liquid from the touch of even God's light and air, so much so, that, alas! it has become putrid with ignorance and stinking with superstition and is now unfit to be tasted by us and incapable of cooling our mortal thirst. Far happier are they now whose springs are not so exclusively guarded and kept covered, but furnish, nevertheless, a pleasant draught as healthy and salutary as refreshing. My Indian readers should not, however, imagine that Indian women alone are pure. The purity of English women is superior in quality to ours, having stood the test of personal freedom. Our women are 'like linnets born within the cage' and know not yet the free and pleasant woods. Look at the following picture drawn by Thackeray and say whether any man can desire a better life-mate: 'I think it is no national prejudice which makes me believe that a high-bred English lady is the most complete of all Heaven's subjects in the world. In whom else do you see so much grace, and so much virtue; so much faith, and so much tenderness; with such a perfect refinement and chastity? And by high-bred ladies I don't mean duchesses and countesses. Be they ever so high in station, they can but be ladies, and no more. But almost every man who lives in the world has the happiness, let us hope, of counting a few such persons among his circle of acquaintance—women in whose angelical natures there is something awful, as well as beautiful, to contemplate; at whose feet the wildest and fiercest of us must fall down and humble ourselves, in admiration of that adorable purity which never seems to do or to think wrong.' Let me add, that one such beautiful flower of freedom is worth a whole garden of artificial hot-house plants.

"I think it needless to describe more minutely the state of our women—it is but too well known to us and we witness it hourly. But as an instance of the striking contrast of the two ideals, I would only ask my readers to peruse

Mill's dedication of his book *On Liberty* or Browning's dedication of his *Men and Women*, and then think over the following translation of an elegy on his wife's death, composed by Thiruvalluvar, the author of the *Kural*, who ranks even higher among the Tamilians than Mill or Browning among Englishmen :—'Sweet cook, loving woman who never disobeyed a single bidding, who shampooed my feet (to make me sleep), slept after me, and got up before me (to attend to my wants early), art thou passing away? How will my eyes sleep at night, (hereafter)?'

"A tender and pathetic picture, no doubt, but, how far below the true ideal of womanhood!

"We seem to be waking from our long stupor to a sense of our mistake and we are trying to impart education to our women on Western lines and to endow them with accomplishments, hitherto held vain or immodest. We are not an hour too early, and, if we are ambitious of ever attaining political and religious emancipation and freedom, we must first educate and raise our women from the mire of ignorance and superstition in which they are now sunk neck-deep. Freedom is a rich and delicate plant of slow growth and our Indian child-wife is not the soil on which to grow it, nor are ignorance and superstition the manures best suited to its nurture; and the tyrant is often more demoralised and injured than his victim by the exercise of unrestrained power. But, if we would avoid a most painful shock to ourselves and avert a powerful reaction that might arise from it and push our women into even deeper degradation and misery, we should first review our own ideas and deliberately prepare ourselves for the practical results of a liberal female education. Our strength and resources will be doubled but there will be two heads instead of one and we must renounce absolute monarchy. Are we ready to allow our women separate individualities, feelings and desires, hopes and aspirations, and to root out the seeds of suspicion and jealousy from our hearts? Some of us may deem this a great sacrifice and may, perhaps, feel inclined to pose as martyrs in a noble cause. No; it is our plain duty and, what is more, we will eventually be more happy in every way by the change. May the kind Providence which has wafted the Englishman to our shores to raise us from our long stupor, grant us enough strength of mind and wisdom to emancipate and raise our women and thus help on our national regeneration!"

Her Excellency Lady Lawley.

It is with feelings of great pleasure that we accord a hearty welcome to Her Excellency Lady Lawley. We have to thank Her Excellency very much for kindly allowing us the privilege of publishing her photo in our Magazine. It shows that Her Excellency has already begun to take an interest in the women of India, and, indeed, to judge by what both Their Excellencies, Sir Arthur and Lady Lawley, have already done during their short stay in India, it seems as if they do take a large interest in the people of India. A close and sympathetic study of the conditions of life here, resulting, as it will, in a closer intercourse between the East and the West, will well repay any trouble caused by the task. Many critics run down any attempts at Social Intercourse between the Indians and the English and say they are of no use. But we firmly believe that a day will yet come when both will think and act together as close friends. In the meantime, all honour to those who are attempting the difficult task. To apply H. E. Sir Arthur Lawley's own words on the occasion of the Prize Distribution of a school, to the larger school of life :—

"Remember that your lessons do not end with your school days. We are all grown up men and women too, learning something fresh every day and every hour, but it is by the way in which we learn to do our work that we acquire and achieve success or failure. If in your school you acquire methods of patience and perseverance, and of the patient investigation of method, then in your life you will carry those lessons with you. If you learn to waste your time and pay no heed to what you are being taught, you will find when you leave school, that you are dropping behind in the race. And so I say to you all, 'Do not waste your time. Make the most of your opportunities here. Yield to the influence of good women who are here to help you.'"

Three Gold Medals.

It is very satisfactory to announce that three Gold Medals have been instituted by a Hindu gentleman, Mr. Kothandaramiah, a Pleader of Tirupet, Ganjam District, to be given to the Hindu girls, who are successful in the Examinations of Matriculation, F. A., and B. A., respectively. This is a source of encouragement to the Hindu girls to continue their studies. The first recipient of one of these medals is Rishymir Subbalakshammal, who passed the Matriculation Examination last year from the Presidency Training School, Egmore, and who is now continuing her studies for the F. A. at the Presentation Convent, Georgetown. She is a young Brahmin widow, but it is encouraging to notice that her people are allowing her to study, contrary to all custom and tradition. Much credit is due to her for so bravely continuing her studies, and we wish her every success in her career. Many Hindu girls are at present being sent to Girls' Schools, but if a few

parents make up their mind to keep the children at school longer than is customary, the first step towards the advance of the education of Indian women would be taken. Most girls leave school at the age of 12 or 13, and they would be in the second class then. They would only be just learning to express themselves a little fluently in English, and a taste for knowledge would just be developing. At such a time they are suddenly removed and the little knowledge that they have is not enough to encourage them to prosecute their studies. But, though they may not appear for examinations, yet they must be educated enough to be useful in their sphere both to themselves and to those around them. We only hope that the splendid example set by R. Subbalakshammal will be followed by many another; and we also hope that more will take an interest in the education of Hindu women and encourage them in various ways.

Selections.

I.—MALLIKA: AN INDIAN ROMANCE.

By an Indian Lady.

It was a gala day in Palipur. The whole of the little village was hung with garlands and festoons of mango leaves, slung across the lintel of every house and from tree to tree. For was it not an important event that Bhimasena Rao, the most important Brahmin in the village, had at last been blessed with a child? What matter if it was a girl? No doubt the father would have preferred a son, as all Hindu men in his position, in any position, would have done—a son to inherit his large property, a son to perform the burial ceremonies over him, when the time came. But now, a girl or a boy, any child was welcome; and the happy father rejoiced and the whole village with him.

Grand feasts were given to the Brahmins, and also to the Sudras and other castes in the village. First of all came the sleek and clean Brahmins, who sat in long rows under a magnificent *pandal* (or large open tent). After the liberal feast, valuable presents of cloths and money were given to each, and many were the blessings bestowed on the liberal donor's head. Then came the Sudras in greater numbers, and noisy and happy was the feast, and many were the presents given to them.

At night grand fire-works, the like of which the villagers had never seen before, were burnt, and the whole village was illuminated with rows and rows of little lights, placed in line along the house, and streets. In this manner the first day passed happily, nor were the succeeding days wanting in festivities and gala celebrations. For the first ten days constant watch had to be kept over the infant. On the eleventh day came the *Punniah-Vachiana*, or Purification ceremony. On the twelfth day came the *Nama-karma*, or Name-Giving Ceremony. Bhimasena Rao wished some uncommon name given to his little daughter, and at last he chose *Mallika*, the name of the sweet jasmine flower.

Mallika promised well to grow up a real Mallika, a sweet jasmine flower, full of grace and beauty. Bhimasena Rao wished to keep the child with him till long after the proper marriage age. But, alas, it was not to be. Till she was ten years old Mallika ran about her father's estate, endearing herself to all by her sweet childish ways. Then the Purohita, who had repeatedly tried to expostulate with the father, requested a final interview with him. Long and angry was this meeting.

"What do you mean, sir, by keeping your daughter unmarried so long?" asked the indignant priest. "She is ten years old now. She ought to have been married long ago. You, who were the pride of Palipur, will soon become a disgrace to it."

Bhimasena Rao mumbled and muttered some words. He wished to be a social reformer, and did not approve of early marriage. But the priest was too much for him.

"If you do not get her married at once, you shall be excommunicated," was his ultimatum. "You had better think well of it. I can get you the son of the rich Rama Rao of the next village. Think well."

The unhappy man thought. He wished to keep his little flower with him as long as possible. But how could he? He could not bear to be excommunicated. And soon his wife came and fell at his feet and besought him, with tears, to accede to the priest's wish. So Bhimasena Rao made up his mind, and asked the Purohita to make the marriage arrangements.

Rama Rao was a rich Brahmin, very rich indeed, but reported miserly. But what of that? All his property would go soon —for he was old—to his son, Ramachendra—a handsome, good-tempered young man, who was studying for his B.A. What better match could be made for the sweet Mallika?

So a lucky day was chosen by the priest; the guests were invited; the presents, which were many, were made ready; the jewels and ornaments for the bride were ordered in an immense number. The marriage ceremony was conducted with the greatest pomp, and lasted for five days, ending up with a grand procession through the streets, in the midst of torch-light and fireworks of all kinds. Face to face in a gorgeously decorated open palanquin, sat the bride and bridegroom, both loaded with flowers and jewels. Mallika's head, as custom ordained, was bowed down till she was almost doubled up. Large crowds followed the procession, which concluded at midnight.

* * * *

Five years have passed. The fair prospect of life before Mallika, has opened out in the glory and the radiance of love, for Mallika's husband is devoted to her. He often talks to her of the beauty of home, and is teaching her to read and write English, while she already knows fairly well the Telugu language, which is her vernacular. Mallika hopes to make her husband's home very happy, and her prospects are all the more alluring because her father-in-law and mother-in-law are very kind to her. But, alas! there is a cloud looming ahead. It is blotting out the fair landscape.

One day Mallika received a letter from her father which left her stunned with sorrow, for the letter told her that her father had lost all his money in some speculation, and was now very poor. Mallika knew there was no fear for herself; but what about he

poor parents? She ran in to her mother-in-law and told her the sad news. The latter was a frail old woman, quiet and repressed, always looking as if she were afraid to talk; and indeed she was, for her husband, a crabbed old man, generally tyrannized over her. Mallika's mother-in-law looked very frightened when she heard the news.

"My poor child," she said, "how unfortunate! I am very sorry for you. I am afraid your father-in-law will be very angry with you."

"Why, mother, it is not my fault. Besides, he is always kind to me."

"No, no, child, you do not know him."

"Ask him to let me go home for a few days, mother."

"Wait, wait," said the old woman nervously. "Let us see what he will say first."

Rama Rao, Mallika's father-in-law, was very angry indeed with Mallika when he heard the news—so angry that she could not recognize in him the kind old man she had hitherto known.

"You good-for-nothing chit," he cried; "what am I to do with you, without your money? Do you think I married my son to you for yourself? No, it was for your money. Go and get your share, I tell you," he roared. "Do not think that my son will be kind to you any more. I shall see to that. Do you hear?"

Mallika, weeping, had no answer to make. Just then her husband, attracted by the loud voice, entered the room.

"What is the matter, father?" he gently asked. Then, catching sight of Mallika, his expression changed. "You—Mallika! Why, father?"

"Mallika indeed!" screamed the old man. "A nice Mallika! Her father has lost all his money. You are a nice fool for your pains. What is the good of your marrying Mallika?"

"I did not marry her for her money, father."

"Did you not? But what business is it of yours? It was *my* arrangement. Now you must send her away and marry another——"

Ramachendra interrupted by sending Mallika away gently, and then confronted his father in square defiance.

"What do you mean, father? I shall not send her away."

His father was astonished. He had never seen his son in this state before. He tried to bluster, then all at once his composure failed. He sank on to a heap of cushions on the ground and covered his face.

"What am I to do?" he wailed. "If you do not marry a rich wife, we shall be ruined, I tell you."

His son, stared at him.

"What is the use of staring at me like that? Long ago one of my poor tenants here, who had lost wife and children in the big cholera scare, determined to go on a pilgrimage, and entrusted all his money, which was considerable, to me. It was years ago. There were no news of him. I thought he was dead, and took all his money. That is why I am so rich. Some time ago I heard rumours that he was coming back. Then my money may all go."

Ramachendra groaned.

"Ay, you may groan. But why should you? You need not fear about the money. I shall contest it; and I have the more influence. But, still——"

"Contest it! You must give it back at once."

"Then what will you have?"

"Nothing. I do not mind."

"But I have spent half the money."

"Then I shall work to give it back."

"I will not give it back."

"You must."

* * * *

Mallika found herself forced to return to her father's house. And, strange to say, her husband did not try to keep her back. In truth, Ramachendra was in a dilemma. If he kept her with him, he would have to feed her with the hated borrowed money. For himself he could earn enough, or starve. He hoped to get some clerk's post in a Government office, and work hard and pay off the money which had been spent, and then, when they were clear of debt, Mallika, could come back. Never mind if they were poor. His sweet wife would not mind poverty, he knew.

Mallika had hopes to the last that her husband would tell her to stay. But, alas! her hopes were unfulfilled.

"Shall I come back soon?" she shyly asked him, when he had left her in her father's home and was going away.

"No, no; we shall see." Ramachendra had no heart to tell his wife of his father's disgraceful action.

Alas, then! for Mallika. She felt as if all her young hopes had been dashed to the ground.

* * * *

Three years have passed. Mallika is still at her father's place. She has been waiting for her husband to fetch her back; but he has not come. She is now in the full bloom of her loveliness, having fully justified her childish promise of beauty—a tall, fair girl, with a round fresh face, from which two eyes like stars gazed at you from depths of tenderness, and a sweet mouth smiled at you with lovely curves and dimples. But she was very unhappy, for she loved her husband. She had heard that Ramachendra and his family had become very poor, and had longed to go to them and help them. But she herself was poor. Why should she burden them? Besides, his letters to her had stopped after one year. Suppose he had grown tired of her; suppose he was arranging to marry a rich wife, as he had the perfect right to do. No, no; Mallika, with all her love, was too proud to go, unasked, to her husband's home.

Meanwhile, what of Ramachendra? He had given up his studies, had worked hard as a clerk, and had gradually managed to pay back the whole debt, in spite of his father. He was very poor now, and he longed to get his wife back. But she never had offered to come. Suppose she was loath to come to a poverty-stricken home; suppose she had heard of his father's disgrace, and was ashamed of them all. No, no; he would not call her back yet.

So, three years had passed in grief and loneliness.

One day an anonymous letter came to Mallika. What dreadful news it contained!

"Your father-in-law appropriated unlawfully the money of another. All his rich position was a fraud. Your husband is a disgrace to you. Do not go back to him. This is authentic information."

Mallika's state of mind may be imagined. But of one thing she was sure. She would go back to her husband at once, just to show she was true to him, and would not mind his disgrace.

The next day, however, a reputed great astrologer came to see Mallika's father. He was old and venerable, and pretended to be very learned. Hindu fami

lies are very superstitious, and great believers in astrology. It was no wonder, then, that Mallika's father was delighted to submit all the family's birth-records to the learned astrologer. In course of time, the latter came to Mallika's, and asked to see the maiden alone, a request which was granted easily, for he was a very old man.

"You have not been happy in your married life," said the old gentleman to the fair girl. "You are a jewel in an ugly setting. Do not go back to your husband. I see some disgrace, some scandal, attaching itself to him."

"All the more reason why I should go back," softly said the girl.

"No, no; what happiness is there for you there? I see none in your hand."

"Never mind my happiness. It is not for mere happiness that I want to go to him. It is because I wish to share his fortunes, whether good or ill."

"Suppose he has ceased to love you and wishes to marry another girl?"

"Then I shall quietly come back."

"Then you do not mind his being a disgrace to you?"

"He can do nothing disgraceful," spoke up the intrepid maiden. "He is an honourable gentleman. It is his father; and I am sure the son has done his best to retrieve the mistake."

"I see that you are destined to be very poor. Your father, poor as he is, can keep you in better circumstances."

"I do not mind poverty."

"Then you must be very fond of your worthless husband. It is better for you if he were dead. I see from your hand that you will be happier as a widow. See how badly he has treated you."

"No, no, do not say that," and Mallika put up her hands to ward off the evil omen.

The astrologer looked at her strangely. Suddenly he put his hand into his long pocket and drew it out again. Mallika started back in astonishment. What was this in the old man's hand? Her husband's ring. Had he sent a message to her? Her eagerness was so great that she could not speak.

The astrologer put his hands to his face, did something, and looked up. Mallika gave a cry of delight. Here was her husband. Then she drew back shyly and veiled her face.

Ramachendra held out his hands to her. "I have come to take you back," he said simply.

II.—SOME OLD TALES.

What Makes The Vazir.

There was once a queen who had a brother. She saw no use in employing a stranger as Vazir on a big salary, and was ever advising her royal husband to dismiss his old Vazir and put her brother in his place.

One day the king heard her and said: "You don't know what you ask. However, I will propose three tests. If your brother satisfies them, I shall make him my Vazir."

The queen was pleased; for what could be easier than for her young brother to prove his wisdom?

One day the king sent for his brother-in-law and said, "I hear a rumbling sound in this direction. Will you please find out what it is?"

The brother-in-law returned after a while and said, "a number of carts are passing."

"Do you know how many of them there are, and where they are going?" asked the king.

"The brother-in-law went again, and returned after half an hour saying: "There are a hundred of them, and they are going to Muddypoor."

"What are they carrying?" said the king.

Once again the brother-in-law went. And, as the carts had gone some distance by this time, he had to run as fast as his legs could carry him to overtake them. He returned after an hour and said: "They are carrying grain."

"What kind of grain?" queried the inquisitive king again.

The brother-in-law was too tired to go again, and said as much.

Then the king sent for his old Vazir and said: "I hear some carts are going to Muddypoor. Will you find out why?"

The Vazir came back a few minutes later and said: The carts carry rice from one of our villages. The owner is willing to sell at 10 seers a rupee. As we get only 6 seers at the capital, I have ordered all the rice to be bought up for the use of the palace.

Yet the Vazir had not moved a yard from his *Kachari*. He had merely instructed one of his men to get full information.

This was the first test.

Another day the king again sent for the queen's brother, and said: "Last night as I lay in bed, the palace guarded carefully as usual, somebody got into it, and spat on my face and kicked me on my chest. What punishment, do you think, he deserves?"

"He should be tortured to death, and the guards decapitated," replied the queen's brother unhesitatingly.

Then the Vazir was put the same question. And he answered: "The mouth that spat deserves kisses, and the legs that kicked gold bracelets."

The queen wondered how the old man knew, for, indeed, it was her little son that had been the culprit.

This was the king's second test.

Another day again the king sent for his brother-in-law, and giving him a sealed casket, said; "Deliver it to the king of Muddypoor."

He also called his Vazir, and commanded him to take another sealed casket to the Raja of Dustypoor, another neighbouring king.

The brother-in-law travelled in great state to his destination, and presented his casket.

When the Raja of Muddypoor opened it, in public durbar, he found there dust and ashes. Not knowing what they meant, he turned to the messenger.

"Our king treats you as the dust of his feet," explained the messenger readily.

Naturally there was great indignation. And the messenger being thrust out unceremoniously, preparations were promptly started to avenge the insult.

The old Vazir also went his way in due style and delivered his casket in due form.

When the king of Dustypoor asked the meaning of the dust and ashes, the Vazir replied respectfully. "Our king performed a *Yog* to remove the evils of the

last famine. The dust and ashes are from the sacrificial ground. And he has sent them to you, as a token of friendship and good-will, that you too may share in the blessing he has secured."

The Dustypoor Raja was highly pleased. He entertained the Vazir right royally, loaded him with costly gifts, both for himself and his master, and sent him off in state with a large retinue of his own for escort.

This was the third test. And the queen never again troubled the king to make her brother Vazir.

FOUR MEN OF LEARNING.

There were once four learned men, distinguished each in his own particular line. One was a profound philosopher, another an eminent songster, the third a great musician, and the fourth was deeply versed in the art of divination.

They travelled a long distance seeking appreciation, and, one day, presented themselves before a king.

The king witnessed their performances, and impressed with their greatness, ordered his minister to give them each a thousand pieces of gold.

The minister was a man of the world, and knew the ways of men of deep learning. "Sire," said he, "your gold will be merely thrown away. Great as these men are, they lack common sense."

"How can that be?" asked the king.

"Nothing is easier to prove," said the minister.

So it came to pass that the four men of learning were given a house to stay in and expenses for the day's necessaries.

Well, the philosopher went to the bazaar to buy ghee, the diviner got up a tree to pluck leaves for plates, the songster was sent in search of curds, and the musician sat down before the fire to cook rice.

As the philosopher was returning with a bowl of ghee, a doubt arose: was it the ghee which supported the bowl or the bowl which supported the ghee? It was a ticklish question, but it admitted of a ready answer. The philosopher held his bowl upside down. The ghee ran down solving his doubts. But he and his friends had to do without ghee that day.

As the diviner was plucking leaves, he heard a lizard chirp somewhere at the top. It was towards the north, and so was inauspicious. Consequently he got down in hot haste, lest some evil should befall him, and went home empty-handed.

The songster came across a woman crying, "curds, curds, curds." But her cries satisfied no canon of music he knew. The rise and fall of the voice were all wrong. Debating as to how to reconcile the practice with the theory he forgot all about his errand. The woman disappeared from view, and there was not another to be found though he searched high and low for ever so long.

As for the musician: when the rice began to boil in water, he tried to keep time to the sounds with his hands on the cooking pot. It was not easy: the sounds were so unlike those he had mastered. So he tried again, and again, and in the endeavour broke the pot and spilled the half-cooked rice.

So the men of learning went without food that day. And the fact being duly reported to the king, they lost also the rich reward he had intended giving them.

P. V. NAIDU.

What has been done for and by Indian Ladies.

FEMALE EDUCATION IN THE PANJAB.—There is a very interesting society known as the Panjab Society in the land of five waters, the object of which is co-operation with the different movements founded for the purpose of promoting the cause of female education, and generally social reform. Under it there is a central school in Lahore, while pecuniary assistance is also rendered to many other schools, and Home Education Classes are held for the benefit of women and girls in the Zenanas. Furthermore, the Association gives from time to time *purdah* parties which do much to promote friendly intercourse between European and Indian women. The same report bears evidence to a most hopeful increase in the number of girl students—Hindu, Mahomedan and Sikh—at the Victoria School and its ramifications. Even more promising is the fact that two young ladies have joined the Normal School and one has already taken charge of a girls' school in the Patiala State. Hers is an object lesson for our people.—*Advocate*, Lucknow.

FEMALE EDUCATION IN BENGAL.—We are glad to learn the endeavours made to found two colleges for training women teachers in Bengal are about to be crowned with success. Subscriptions were invited some time ago for the establishment of training colleges for female teachers in Calcutta and Bankipur. The amounts asked for from the public before the schemes could be developed were Rs. 14,000 a year for four years in the case of the Calcutta College, and Rs. 10,000 a year, four years in the case of the Bankipur College. The Director of Public Instruction now states that Rs. 7,500 out of the Rs. 14,000 asked for the Calcutta College has already been subscribed, while the whole amount required in the case of the Bankipur College has been promised. How our mouths water to read this account? When are we going to have such an institution? It goes without saying that even the few girls' schools we have suffer for want of teachers, what to say efficient teachers.

The Social Conference holds its sitting on 30th instant. The announcement that Sir Chander Madhab Ghose has accepted the presidentship has proved to be premature. The *Indian Social Reformer* thus explains the announcement:—

"We made it on information which reached us from Calcutta, but it subsequently transpired that Sir Chandra Madhab Ghose had made his acceptance conditional in respect to certain suggestions which he had to make as regards the propositions to be submitted to the Conference. The suggestions of which the chief were the omission of the resolution condemning the *purdah* system and the restriction of the scope of the resolution advocating re-marriage of child-widows were considered with the utmost desire to meet Sir Chandra Madhab Ghose whose co-operation was considered as likely to prove valuable to the cause of social reform. It was felt at the same time that no sacrifice of principle would be justified on the part of the Social Conference which has existed now for twenty years. Sir Chandra Madhab Ghose was given to understand, among other things, that it would be

desirable to substitute "young widows" in place of the phrase "child widows" he had used in his suggestion about the remarriage resolution. It may be mentioned that the late Mr. Justice Ranade always spoke of "young widows" and never of "child widows" in this connection and it was felt that it would derogate from the position which the Conference had consistently taken up to limit the resolution as desired by Sir Chandra Madhab. Several remarriages of widows, other than child-widows, have taken place, and some of them are among the great names of the social reform movement, and it would be an unworthy drawing back to exclude such marriages from the countenance of the organisation which represents the social reform sentiment of the country and not of any one part or portion of it. It was also felt that the phrase "child-widow" was inappropriate as child marriages of all kinds are repugnant to social reform. For these reasons, it was felt that it would not be fair to press Sir Chandra Madhab to preside at the next Social Conference, and an early announcement may be expected on the subject of the Presidentship of the forthcoming Session. Babu Narendra Nath Sen has been elected President of the next Congress.

The Mohamedan Female Normal School.—The news will be received with general gratification that the proposed Female Normal and Model School for Mohammedan girls has at last been started at Aligarh by the exertions of Shaikh Abdulla, B.A., LL.B., Editor of the *Khatun* and Secretary of the Female Education Section of the Mohammedan Educational Conference. The beginning has been made by opening a class for teaching the Holy Quoran and Urdu to the pupils, and it is contemplated that lessons in other subjects will be given to them about six months after. An extensive plot of land has been purchased for the erection of the school building. For the present the school has been housed in a sufficiently suitable building where *Purda* and other necessary arrangements are most satisfactory. The total number of pupils on the roll is reported to be thirty. All the present pupils belong to the town of Aligarh. A decent building does not yet exist to serve the purpose of a proper boarding-house for *Purda nashin* girls, otherwise many pupils would have come from other towns to join the school. However, the start has been encouraging and we hope the school will have a brilliant future before it. We congratulate Shaikh Abdulla and his young band of workers on their achievement and wish them every success in their useful undertaking.

The Ladies' Gathering in Calcutta.—A very useful bye product of the Indian National Congress is the Ladies' Gathering, better known as the 'Bharat Mahila Prishad" which took its rise last year at the instance of a few patriotic ladies like Mrs. Sushila T[?]hl Ram and Her Highness the Rani Sahiba of Pratab Garh. The meeting now to be held in connection with the same movement is on a more improved basis, and likely to serve a more useful end. A variety of subjects concerning the improvement of our home, society, education, and life in general has been selected on which learned discussions will be held by the Indian ladies of all castes and creeds. The following is a list of the subjects:—

Concerning our Home:—

(a) How should our homes be kept and organised?
(b) Our best conception of an ideal Home.
(c) The ideal of our conjugal relationship.
(d) The best method of bringing up our children from infancy to marriage.
(e) How to manage a house on Rs. 100 a month with at least a saving of Rs 5 a month and with 4 little ones.
(f) Duties of a mother-in-law towards the newly married daughters-in-law.
(g) The duties of married lady towards her father's and father-in-law's family.
(h) Our ideas of a lying-in room—how it should be kept and regulated during a confinement case in the house.
(i) Ideas concerning the marriage of our sons and daughters.

Concerning Society:—

(a) The duties of an individual towards her society and neighbour—in what way should our conduct be regulated and affected by our neighbour.
(b) The best social ideal each household may aspire for.
(c) The highest ideal of conversation and manners.
(d) Your idea about the caste system—should it be modified or retained as it is or given up altogether; and if so what is the classification you want to have in society.
(e) Your ideas of Zenana System.

Concerning Education:—

(1) How should a woman be educated.

Ladies desirous of sending any essays to be read at the Conference should send them to the Secretary by the 1st of December. In order to give scope to the writers for circulating their views the essays will be translated into the principal languages of the country and also in English and sufficient time will be allotted to each for discussion.

DEV SAMAJ GIRLS' SCHOOL.

The 5th anniversary of the Dev Samaj Balika Vidyalai (Girls' School) was celebrated with great *eclat* on the 3rd and 4th November, in the Vidyalai's own new and fine buildings. The wife of the venerable Founder of the Dev Samaj presided. On the morning of the 3rd instant after the performance of Havan, an address on behalf of the students to the Founder of the school, was read by one of the senior girls recounting the manifold benefits accruing from the institution. A conference of parents and teachers was held in the afternoon. On the 4th November, the annual prize distribution took place. The Hall was crowded by a large number of respectable ladies and gentlemen of the station and Moffusil.

The annual report of the Vidyalai was read by Dr. Paras Ram, Secretary of the School Managing Committee, which showed that the institution had made progress all round. From 17 girls to start with, the roll had risen to 43. The needle-work, crushia, carpet and jali work, &c., of the girls was exhibited on the walls of the School Hall which was tastefully decorated for the occasion. The performances of the

girls on the platform, such as collective and individual chanting of *slokas*, recitation of an English poem, *Dohas*, dialogue of a mother and child from a book, the singing of national song "*Balart hamara Desh hai, hit uska nishchai chahenge*" (India is our home and we shall do something for its good) the reading of an essay in Hindi on the "service of the country" and last but not the least the neat little speech of a girl on "What I was and what I become here" were all very well done and greatly appreciated by the audience. The prizes were then given over by the venerable lady president to the deserving girls which included medals, watches, cash, books, vessels, lamps, articles of needle work, &c., &c., for studies as well as various domestic arts and the many noble virtues that are urgently needed to make a home happy and a nation high. Then Pandit Har Narayan Agnihotri made an eloquent appeal on behalf of the Vidya ai and Rs. 600 were subscribed for prizes and building funds on the spot. Sweetmeats were then distributed to the girls and the meeting came to a close.

—We are glad to learn that Lala Sada Nand of the Firm of Sada Nand Brothers of Lahore has donated Rs. 10 towards the building fund of the Dev Samaj Balika Vadyalai at Ferozepur.

A Parsi Ladies' Movement.

A number of leading Parsi ladies have associated together and formed a Society for helping their sisters of the community, who are in less favourable circumstances, not only with money but also with their personal advice and assistances by putting suitable work in their way as well as other things. For this philanthropic purpose and with the object of personally becoming acquainted with all those who stand in need of their help, these ladies by turns regularly visit the poorer Parsi quarters of the city once a week and distribute amongst those who really need it. By this means they have been instrumental in a short time in finding out real cases of hardship and in many of them in giving timely relief. They have sent many women suffering from illness, due mostly to their insanitary surroundings in crowded parts of the town, to special Parsi sanitaria at Deolali and elsewhere, and nearly all these patients after a spell of change and rest returned to their homes much improved. One report of this philanthropic Parsi Ladies' Association recently issued contains many other instances of good useful work. Spectacles and many useful medicines were distributed gratis with effect. Nor were the sick alone their care. They opened a work class where useful and paying work like dress-making and knitting is taught and several now make an independent living through such knowledge. The members of the Association also took to the education of the poorer class among the Parsis, and in several instances put deserving children to school who were unable to go there owing to the poverty of their parents.

A Parsi Girls' School for Karachi.

We hear that Mr. Edulji Dinshaw, C.I.E. of Karachi, has signified his intention of giving away Rs. 25,000 for the establishment of a Parsi girls' school in Karachi if a similar amount were raised by the Parsis of Karachi amongst themselves. It is expected that Mr. Jehangir Hormasji Kothari and other leading Parsis will come forward to promote the scheme.

The Women of India.

Sir James Bourdillon, K. C. S. I., late British Resident at Mysore, presiding over the Annual Meeting of the Birmingham Auxiliary of the Church of England Zenana Missionary Society, which was held at Queen's College recently, said he could testify from personal experience to the valuable work of the Zenana Mission. The seclusion of women, which had prevailed more or less throughout India since the Mahomedan invasions and was still regarded as essential to respectability had a very depressing and deadening influence on the women of India. Their interests were narrowed and their minds were dwarfed by this continual seclusion. Another evil which the mission was seeking to alleviate was the system of child-marriage, which condemned millions to lifelong widowhood, drudgery, and degradation. If for nothing else, the administration of Lord Curzon would be remembered for the increased facilities provided for the education of women, and it was the duty of Christians at home to see that the education they received was a Christian education. Old prejudices were disappearing, and doors were opening which had never been open before (Applause). Indian ladies attended the reception given to the Princess of Wales who had never been out of their fathers' or their husbands' houses before. At the same time the advance of Christianity revealed by the recent census had stirred up animosity among certain classes, and bitter attacks on the Christians had recently been made in the leading native papers. Having seen a good deal of the work of the Zenana Mission, it was his deliberate conviction that there was no work in India that was more faithfully carried on or more worthy of support.

At a meeting of the Committee of the Women's Training College Scheme, held at Bankipore recently, the Director of Public Instruction submitted a letter from Government, sanctioning the scheme for the establishment of a Training College at Bankipore. The subscription list was also submitted shewing that Rs. 720 a month for four years was already promised. Mr. Hasan Imam offered Rs. 1,200 a year for three years on certain conditions. It was decided to have a European Lady Principal, with a Mahomedan and a Hindu lady to be respectively responsible for the general custody of the girls of each community.

A Successful Nair Girl.

Among the successful girls in the Pass list of the Junior Division, in the Trinity College Music Examination, London, held at Madras this year, we are glad to notice the name of Miss Parukutty, the eldest daughter of Mr. C. Sankaran Nair of Madras. We have no doubt that this is the first instance of a Nair girl passing these examinations.

A Successful Lady Barrister.—Some time since Miss Cornelia Sorabji was appointed to an official position in Bengal under the Court of Wards, for the purpose of advising parda nashin women in difficult cases. A contemporary now states that in a Minute of the Board of Revenue of that province, Miss Sorabji

is publicly thanked for the great help she has been to Government in dealing with particularly difficult situations, and so appreciated is her work that her Government retaining fee has been increased from Rs. 200 to Rs. 800 a month.

Lady Minto opened the Victoria Zenana Parda Hospital at Delhi on M nday last built by the citizens of Delhi, Europeans and Indians, at a cost of Rs. 96,000. The Hospital has a funded capital of Rs. 86,000 which with donations from various public bodies would yield an annual income of Rs. 17,000.

S. L. AND S. S. GIRLS' SCHOOLS.

H. H. Maharaj Shiajirao, Gaekwar of Baroda, presided at the prize distribution held on Saturday afternoon last in the Hall of the Elphinstone High School in connection with the Students' Literary and Scientific Society's Girls' Schools. A large number of Maratha ladies and gentlemen were present on the occasion and among them were also the Hon. Mr. Justice Chandavarkar, the Hon'ble Mr. G. K. Gokhale, Sir Jamsetji Jeejeebhoy, Dr. D. Mackichan, Khanbahadhur Kersaspji Cursetji, Devan of Baroda, Sir Bhalchandra Krishna, Mr. Surendra Nath Bannerji, Mr. Romeshchander Dutt, Mr. Daji Abaji Khare, Rev. Father Dreckman, Rao Bahadur Madholkar, Mr. J. A. Dalal, Mr. K. R. Kama and Dr. R. G. Bhandarkar.

The Gaekwar accompanied by his daugh er Indira, arrived at 6 p. m. and the proceedings opened with a prayer in Sanskrit. Mr. Khare then read the history of the Schools under the management of the Society and described the work done by them. His Highness the Gaekwar then distribu ed the prize scholarships to the successful students. Some of the young ladies attending the school having entertained the assembly to a little music, the Maharajah addressed the meeting.

His Highness, who was received most enthusiastically, said that it was not without diffidence that he stood before them that evening as he felt there were among them abler men than himself to take the chair and to discharge the duty efficiently and effectively. When he was in England he was asked to preside over the function, and he, not knowing the importance of the occasion, accepted the invitation. The report that was read that evening contained many points of interest and he could not allow the occasion to pass without referring to some of them which were not only of local importance but of universal application. In the address they referred to the absence of her Highness and no one regretted her absence more than he himself. If she had been aware of this meeting, she would not have made another engagement which was connected with the industrial encouragement of their own land. He was sure that she would have been most happy to be present amongst them and held, with all the might and strength she possessed, the noble cause which they had so much at heart. They had said that his first thoughts must be turned toward his own subjects. It was only right that he should spend his revenue amongst the people from whom he derived it. But he made bold to think that they must not be narrow in their aims, but they must take a wider and broader view of the progress of India than their own particular locality. It was the duty of every ruler to spend most of his revenue on his own State. The progress in any part of India was just as dear to him as any portion of Gujerat. They were all inseparably connected and bound up together. If they did injury to one part, the other part must inevitably suffer. If one part was benefited the other must also be benefited. He considered it to be fair and right that they helped each other and sympathised with each other in whatever portion of India they might be holding such views as he did he always took the utmost interest he could in all the movements that were going on for the bettering of their condition and their country. What the ideal or female education should be was a question of very great difficulty and of intricate nature but it was not such as could not be solved. They had to determine whether they wanted efficient wives, efficient mothers, efficient sisters or their efficient helpmates and sympathisers. If once the object in sight was clear then the question was what methods were to be applied. He thought that the greatest help they required from their sisters was that they should be efficient n t only as wives and mothers and helpmates to them in their household affairs but that they should be efficient citizens also, taking interest, not only in their own local surroundings but in the wider aspects of life. They should take a broader view of their duties towards their neighbours. They should understand their responsibilities in life. If those who are interested in female education keep those ideals in minds while adopting methods of education he believed one of the greatest objects of female education would have been achieved. Besides utility there was the question of their character, their sentiments and their ideals. But all these resolved themselves into elevation of character to a greater degree, to a higher point than probably they would have been that day if they had not adopted the course of moral culture celebrated upon. Education was a subject on which millions and millions of rupees could be spent without being wasted. But they should make the best of the circumstances they were placed in. He did not think considering the means at their disposal the Society could have done more than it had done. He advised them to persevere in the course they were following. It was a well-known fact in history that whenever a new thing was started it always met with opposition and a certain class of persons considered it their duty to oppose when they had got any new fangled idea. It was not only in their own country but in all other countries the people and the Government were facing the question and when they met with any opposition they should remain patient and try to give a fair and impartial consideration to the objections raised. They should try to convince their opponents by arguments as to the advantages of the course they were adopting and if their honest arguments were scoffed by their opponents they should leave them alone. They should not be discouraged by opposition. Perseverance in the face of obstacles and opposition was absolutely necessary; that they received opposition when the institution was started was only right and legitimate. It spoke volumes in favour of these who were undaunted by it and who nevertheless brought the institution to its present state. It spoke a volume in favour of not only those who started it originally but those who encouraged it afterwards. The state in India was not different to what it for-

merly was. He thought the opposition had been now weakened and many of them were most anxious that education should be given to them irrespective of the caste or sect. The cry was on the other side that enough had not been done to elevate the character, the life and the morals of their boys and girls by means of education. No Government could be said to have done its duty, if it failed to give the means of intelligent understanding to its subjects. As subjects they had a right to demand that Government should spend more money and time and pay greater attention to their intellectual developments. He had spoken to them irrespective of Government. It was not only to the British Government, but the problem applied just as well to the Native States. Their condition was poor and the organization defective. They did not decrease but it heightened their responsibility. In connection with this question he begged to be allowed to say a few words as to what he had done in Baroda. He did so as an egotist. He did not wish to extol his own action or hide his defects; but as he had said the interests in one and another portion of India were one and identical, they were, therefore, interested to know the work going on in this State. He was glad to be able to say that he had started compulsory education in his State. Several schools have already been opened and many more were still to be opened with the help of his able officers. He had arranged to have schools all over the Province. He must have a school in every village. He admitted that the standard at present was low. He wished his people to discriminate between right and wrong and although the standard was low at present, he eventually hoped to raise it. In the address they had referred to the system of lectures. He could not conceive a more easy or more convenient way of imparting education than lectures, which should be not merely upon the subjects of education but also upon various subjects connected with their daily wants and needs. He was glad to see that men with money and influence were looking after the interests of the institution. He hoped that those whom he was addressing would not only show lip sympathy but contribute money towards to put it on a satisfactory basis. He appealed to those students, who were benefited by it to help it when they earned money. He sincerely wished that the children would have a successful career before them, that they would attain to healthy womanhood. They wanted their women to rise above their present level; they wanted them to be their helpmates and to be worthy citizens so that they might help the cause of their country and their own family better than they did now (Loud applause.)

Sir Bhalchandra Krishna proposed a vote of thanks to His Highness for his interesting and instructive address. He spoke of the great interest which His Highness took in educational matters and wished that native rulers followed in the footsteps of this enlightened Maharaja. The Honorable Mr. Justice N. G. Chandavakar said that His Highness had that day given them sound advice and he asked them to always place before them high ideals and he hoped His Highness would pardon him that they had invited him to interest himself with the society's work with a certain object and that although the view which was to obtain substantial help from His Highness's hands by presiding at the function that evening gave them an implied promise of his support to their institution. His Highness had set an example to social reformers and educationalists in this country by the enlightened and liberal policy he had adopted. He hoped that when His Highness returned to his capital he would give a thought to the institution and extend his help to it.

The vote of thanks was carried by acclamation,—*Indian Mirror*.

A scheme for the encouragement of Zenana Education.—We have read with interest a scheme for the encouragement of Zenana education in Bengal, which was submitted by Mrs. P. K. Ray to the Director of Public Instruction. The scheme proposes to institute a number of scholarships of Rs. 3 and Rs. 2 to be given to Zenana ladies on the result of examinations to be held under the supervision of a Ladies' Committee in each district. There are to be two grades of examinations, one elementary, entirely in the vernacular, and the other higher standard, consisting of more advanced papers in the vernacular and an elementary examinations in English. There should be no limit as to age, nor there should be any bar to an unsuccessful candidate appearing in the same examination twice, in order that she may persevere in her studies and eventually succeed in winning a prize. There should be one Central Board for Bengali-speaking districts in Calcutta having entire charge and control—(1) of the text-books to be read; (2) of the zenana teachers to be employed in the different districts; (3) of the examinations to be held; (4) of the appointment of lady examiners and supervisors for the purpose of such examinations; (5) of finally deciding the result of such examinations. The scheme seems to us to be a very happy and practical one. The existing institutions for the spread of female education have been able to touch only a very limited section of women in Bengal. With our present social system as it is,—there is very little hope of any substantial improvement in the near future,—the girls' schools will have a very limited usefulness. In ninety-nine cases out of hundred, the girls are withdrawn from the schools when they are very young. The great problem of female education in Bengal is how to make the girls continue their studies when they have left the school. We believe Mrs. P. K. Ray's scheme will solve this problem to some extent. The establishment of a fairly large number of scholarships and prizes will induce many to continue their studies at home after social customs have compelled them to bid goodbye to the public schools. Indeed Mrs. Ray's scheme is not an untried experiment. There were a few district organisations a little while ago, which used to undertake similar work. These institutions used to hold annual examinations for Zenana women in different centres and to award prizes to successful candidates. Of course being small organisations with no very influential support the prizes that they could offer, were few and insignificant in value. But even that small encouragement gave a powerful impetus to the cause of female education and did much to spread enlightenment in the homes of many districts of East Bengal. If the Government undertakes the work, the result will be much more satisfactory. To be of any appreciable usefulness the number of scholarships must be much larger than what Mrs. Ray has suggested, and there may also be a number of subsidiary prizes. The expenses will not be very large, but the gain will comparatively be considerable. We heartily

support the scheme. It is gratifying to learn that Mr. Earle, the present Director of Public Instruction, has approved of the scheme, the details of which are being worked out by the Inspectress of Schools, and when these are ready the scheme will be submitted to the Government of Bengal for orders. We trust the Government of Bengal will see its way to give prompt effect to it.

News and Notes.

JAPANESE BRIDES.

THE TWELVE COMMANDMENTS GIVEN THEM BY THEIR MOTHERS.—The behests given to Japanese wives on their wedding morning by their mothers are known as "The Twelve Commandments of the Bride," and read as follows:—

The moment you are married you are no longer my daughter. Therefore, you must obey your parents-in-law as you once obeyed your father and mother.

When you are married your husband will be your sole master. Be humble and polite. Strict obedience to her husband is the noblest virtue a wife can possess.

Always be amiable towards your mother-in-law.

Do not be jealous; jealousy kills your husband's affection for you.

Even though your husband be wrong, do not get angry; be patient, and when he has calmed down speak to him gently.

Do not talk too much. Speak no evil of your neighbours. Never tell lies.

Rise early, retire late, and do not sleep in the afternoon Drink little wine, and until you are fifty take no part in public assemblies nor mingle in crowds.

Consult no fortune-teller.

Be a good manageress, and especially be economical in your household.

Although you may marry young do not frequent too youthful society.

Do not wear bright-coloured garments.

Always be neatly but modestly dressed.

Do not pride yourself on your father's rank or fortune. If he is a rich man never allude to his riches before your husband's relations.

These rules were in vogue in Japan hundreds of years ago.

WOMEN AS MEDICAL PRACTITIONERS.—In the course of his address which he delivered at the London School of Medicine for Women, Prof. Byers made some interesting comment on women as medical practitioners. He said there never was a time when there were greater opportunities for women in the medical profession than at present. There were many pressing public health questions waiting solution in which he believed medical women would find ample scope for work. Two of those problems were medical inspection and supervision of school children, and infant mortality. The Education Bill—whatever one might think of it in other respects—established for the first time in England the principle that it was the duty of the State to look after the health and to promote the development of children compelled to attend school. Some local authorities had already adopted systems of inspection at school, but the practice was by no means general, and, of course, it was not yet compulsory. It was to Scandinavia, Denmark, and Germany they owed so much information as they had in reference to the health of school children. In this direction Professor Byers directed attention to the step taken in Philadelphia, where children are in future to be examined as to both their bodily and mental condition. Surely, he said, in such important work as school inspection there were ample openings for medical women, and their special capacity for undertaking such work had been already recognised by the London County Council giving six out of twenty appointments in this connection to medical women. Infantile mortality was one of the greatest national health problems of the present day, and in the solution of the question they had learned almost everything from France, where the most completely organised methods had been adopted to prevent the wastage of infant life. He was confident that in the future medical women would take a large share of the work in the campaign to get rid of such a largely preventible sacrifice of life. Artificial nourishment of children must always be regarded as a misfortune, and the milk depôt ought to be an institution for the education of women. It was noteworthy that in Japan—a country which adopted the best from all other countries—the children were nourished by their mothers.—*Sirin.*

SOME FAMOUS WOMEN DOCTORS,

MISS ELIZABETH BLACKWELL.

Undoubtedly the *doyenne* of lady doctors of to-day, says *M.A.P.*, is Miss Elizabeth Blackwell, M.D., who received the first medical degree ever conferred upon a woman in the United States. This clever lady was born in Bristol, but when she was quite a girl her family emigrated to America, where for a time she followed the profession of a teacher. Having become qualified as a doctor, Miss Blackwell went to reside in Paris, and later on established a practice in New York, where she founded a hospital and a medical school for women. Since 1868 she has lived in England, and has been an active participator in many sociological and medical reforms. She is the author of numerous works on hygiene and kindred subjects, and is devoted to travelling and the study of books.

The story of how Miss Blackwell determined to become a doctor is an extremely interesting one. A great friend of hers, who was suffering from an incurable disease, first put the idea into her head; but for a long time she was strongly opposed to it, as she was far too nervous to go in for anything so exacting as the science of Medicine. One day, however, someone jokingly brought Miss Blackwell a cockchafer as a subject for dissection, and, after a severe struggle with her emotions, the future M.D. consented to operate. From that time forward her mind was firmly made up; and although she met with countless obstacles, she overcame them all, and lived to see herself acclaimed by Press and public as a leading light in the profession she had chosen.

DR. GARRETT ANDERSON.—Perhaps the lady doctor who is best known to the younger generation is Mrs. Garrett Anderson. At the age of twenty-four, when she was Miss Elizabeth Garrett, she began to study medicine at the Middlesex Hospital, and obtained her M. D. degree in Paris in 1870. The same year she was elected a member of the London School Board, and shortly afterwards married Mr. Anderson of the Orient line of steamships. She has attended a

large number of distinguished patients, and is a clever speaker and a brilliant writer. Mrs. Anderson once made a strange admission to the effect that whenever she appealed to people for funds for any charitable purpose, she always favoured ladies who were recently widowed, as she found them the readiest listeners and the most willing to subscribe. A man having written to her to ask whether gout was within her province, as he would like her to call upon him to prescribe for his case, Dr. Anderson replied as follows: "Dear Sir,—Gout is strictly within my province, but men are not. Yours, etc."

MISS ARABELLA KENEALY.—Although she is a fully qualified physician, it is as a writer of fiction that Miss Arabella Kenealy prefers to shine. When quite a girl she was greatly interested in the healing art, and it says much for her strength of mind that she was only sixteen when she decided to become a doctor. She never wavered in her purpose, and finally reached her longed-for goal. Her most popular book, "Dr. Janet of Harley Street," contains a good many of her own experiences, and the story was so successful that she turned her attention almost solely to literature. Dr. Kenealy is a daughter of the late Edward Vaughan Kenealy, who figured in the celebrated Tichborne trial as the defender of Arthur Orton, the bogus claimant to the Tichborne estates.

MRS. SCHARLIEB.—Among distinguished medical women, Dr. Mary Scharlieb, M.D., holds a prominent place. She is a native of Lancashire, and married a Barrister who was elevated to the Indian Bench. It was while living in India that Mrs. Scharlieb first became attracted to medicine, and she was one of the first four women to receive a medical training in that country. She is an expert Surgeon, having obtained her M.S. degree in 1896. Dr. Scharlieb has a large practice, and some years ago successfully performed a serious operation on Miss Marie Corelli, the famous novelist.

HOME INDUSTRIES OF BOER WOMEN.

The Woman's Journal has from time to time published accounts of the good work that Miss Emily Hobhouse is doing in introducing weaving and other home industries among the wives and daughters of the Boers in South Africa, whose farms were devastated by the war, and have since been suffering from repeated seasons of severe drought. Great quantities of magnificent Angora wool are raised in South Africa, but hitherto it has all been sent out of the country to be manufactured. Miss Hobhouse has started several little schools to teach the women and girls to spin and weave it themselves. The quiet, bright-eyed Boer girls took to the work "like ducks to water," as one observer said. They are turning out excellent products, and there is a market in Johannesburg and the other towns for all they can make, and more.

But the work is hampered by their desperate poverty. Wood is scarce and high, the country being almost treeless, and it was found impossible to get wood enough to make any considerable number of spinning wheels and looms. It was heart-breaking to think of this last summer as we travelled through the splendid forests of Oregon and British Columbia, and saw the leagues on leagues of huge timber, and the people in some places burning it up simply to get rid of it and to clear the ground.

In this dearth of wood for wheels, the warm-hearted Swiss peasants, who had been strong Boer sympathizers all through the war, came to the rescue. Machinery has superseded the spinning wheel in Switzerland; and several hundred wheels, no longer in use, were rummaged out of Swiss garrets and shipped off to South Africa, where they were welcomed by the Boers as a Godsend.

The following extracts from recent letters by Miss Hobhouse give an interesting glimpse of one of her little schools:

Madam Yoko, who lately died at Moyamba, was one of the most important of the "paramount chiefs" of the Sierra Leone protectorate. The Englishwoman's Review says: "She enjoyed the confidence of the government, and it is said that so great was her influence with the Mendi tribe that she could assemble ten thousand of them in three days. She had full control of all her sub-chiefs, and her subjects were very obedient to her orders. Madam Yoko was a most industrious woman, and thoroughly realized the responsibility of her position, undertaking all she had to do with a full sense of duty, and a shrewdness and ability that would be creditable to a business man in any part of the world. Madam Yoko was, like her fathers before her, a Pagan, but was well disposed to all the Christian denominations. She was a wise ruler and a most generous woman." The ceremonies in connection with her funeral continued for weeks, and caused much inconvenience to the traders, work being at a standstill. The Englishwoman's Review adds "It is not uncommon for women to hold the position of chief in that part of Africa. There are at least two others of importance in the Sierra Leone protectorate, and one, Amba Bedua, 'Duchess of Abrakrampa and Dunkwa,' is among the important Gold Coast chiefs who signed the memorial to the king against the town council's ordinance last January."

Miss Beatrice Haarden, author of "Ships That Pass in the Night," warmly sympathizes with the "Suffragettes." She praises their devotion and moral courage, their single mindedness and their spirit of martyrdom, and declares that it is the duty of all other women who want the suffrage to "come forward from their academic and cultured security and rally round these brave people."

The Countess de Rougemont, an American woman, formerly Edith Devereux Clapp of New York, has gone into the laundry business in France. She established her laundry at Memilion, her husband's country estate, to save the need of sending her linen away to be laundered. All the friends of the Countess have become customers, and pay good prices for what they call "peerless" results.

Mrs. Heins, of Kewanee, Ill., was selected from many applicants and was commissioned a special police officer for the county fair. Her work is regarded as among the best done by the patrol force, including, as it did, the arrest of sixteen men on one day for climbing a fence and entering the fair grounds without paying. She wore a policeman's star, and none of the men offered resistance when she escorted them to the fair headquarters.

Dr. Cornelia De Bey, at the time of the child-labor agitation in Illinois, was commissioned to investigate a certain factory at Alton. Being refused admission

she simply climbed in over the will, and found the abuses which she had expected to see, but of which there had been no proof. Thus, when the bill came up for consideration, she was enabled to give evidence which aided in gaining a victory. Dr. De Boy is a member of the present Chicago School Board, one of the useful and public-spirited woman lately described as "Chicago's Five Maiden hints."

Mrs. Ellen Spencer Mussey has been appointed by the supreme Court of the District of Columbia, to succeed Mrs. David J. Brewer on the Board of Education. The Washington *Times* says:

"For fifteen years Mrs. Mussey has been active in the business life of the Capital, a genuine factor in the practice of law at the local bar. She has had special training for her new work as a member of the school board in that she has held important administrative offices in several large associations of women, organized the Washington College of Law, and has long given special attention to the public school affairs of the District. That Mrs. Mussey is a competent attorney will probably appeal to the casual observer as the element of her greatest prospective value to the board. But those who know her best will rate even higher her well-known common sense and her proven disposition to co-operate for the public good in whatever work she undertakes."

Mrs. M.E. Holland, a Chicago woman, has received an appointment from the United States government as instructor in the secret service department. She is the wife of the editor of "The Detective," the national police organ, and for fifteen years has been making a study of finger prints and their relation to modern crime. She began her work in Scotland Yard, and is to-day known as one of the world's experts in this line.

Lady Colville, wife of Gen. Sir Henry Colville of England, is credited with being a writer, artist, linguist, photographer, mechanic, carpenter, gardener and taxidermist. She swims, rides, dances, plays golf, tennis, rows and manages her own automobile and balloon. He is designing and building a yacht in company with her husband who shares all her pursuits. They travel very extensively, sometimes together, sometimes apart. Lady Colville made a three months' journey in Africa alone with the exception of her attendants. She prepared for the expedition by taking a course in surgical nursing, that she might care for her servants on the way if occasion demanded.

A Woman's Invention.—Mrs. Anna M. Town, of Utica, N. Y., has in her rooms an arrangement of electrical lights of practical service to those who cannot hear the ringing of the door bell and telephone bell. When the telephone bell rings in the rear of the apartment, a brilliant light flashes up in the front room and remains lighted until turned off. This light is arranged that it flashes into the looking-glasses of three rooms. A light can be placed in every room if desired The electric door bell is arranged in a similar way, the light being of another color. The Scientific American says: "The arrangement has been in use two years, proving satisfactory and inexpensive. Most deaf people can hear over a telephone. By adopting this plan a telephone is quite as useful to a deaf person as to one who can hear. In case of illness, when the ringing of bells is to be avoided, this arrangement seems an admirable one. When the lights are used, the bell is also retained. A movable bulb that can be taken to any part of the house is a great convenience. The door bell in that case is silent."

Mlle. Talon, the daughter of a Parisian chemist, is the first woman in France to take her degree as Doctor of Chemistry. She presented a brilliant thesis on the oxidized ether of glucose and its action on sugar, which called forth warm encomiums from the jury to whom it was submitted.

Fraulein Gisela Kun is the first woman pharmacist in Austria. She studied in Switzerland and England, and finished her medical studies at the Vienna University and Hospital.

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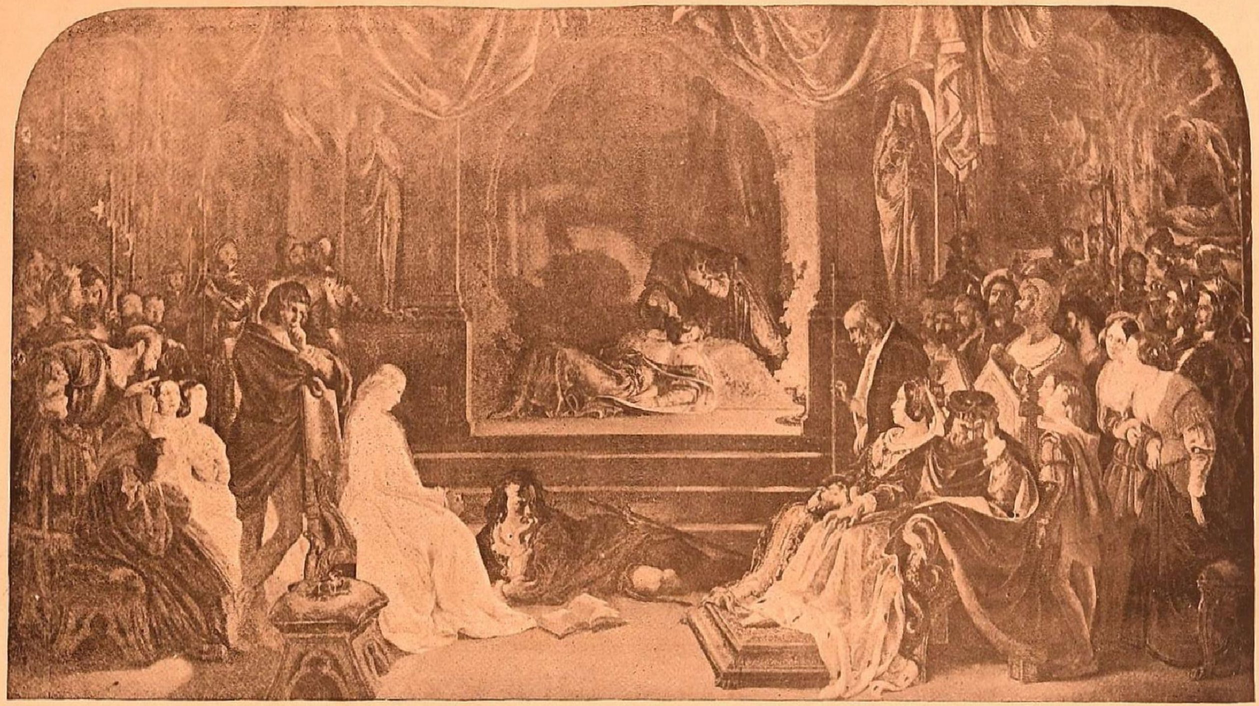

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